

# LONDON SOCIETY.

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‘LOVED FOR HER OWN SWEET SAKE.’

## CHAPTER I.

‘A boat beneath a sunny sky,  
Lingering onward dreamily,  
In an evening of July.’

LEWIS CARROLL.

‘AND so you do not even know her?’

‘No, not I, *ma foi*; I only wish I did. I should have been a very different man had I only had that good fortune some years since.’

‘Married, most likely; with a pack of screaming children, and your every prospect as a soldier blighted, if not blasted.’

‘Granted the first, for the sake of argument; a proper application of “stick,” applied as we have learnt in the far East it should be applied, deals with the second; as for the latter part of your suggestion, I think it not worth answering.’

‘And why?’

‘Well, you shall answer it yourself. I, as I tell you, do not even know the lady; you do. Now give me your candid opinion of her.’

‘I will; but remember it’s only a soldier’s opinion, and—’

‘And therefore all the more valuable if it is a good one.’

‘Well, listen: as true a lady as ever stepped, and one who

keeps her position, placed as she is amidst a thousand dangers, with a quiet womanly simplicity which wins respect from even her own sex. Pretty she certainly is, and well versed in all those accomplishments pronounced necessary by society. Very reserved, at times cold as ice in her manner, and treats every one with the same freezing politeness. She—’

‘Halt, my dear fellow; you have in all truth said enough to prove your suggestion worthless. Did I wish to find some fair lady to take my name and keep good watch and ward over it, methinks your friend would add one more name to her list of proposals.’

‘Her list? Ha, ha! you little know *la belle* Edith Lennox if you think she has ever been proposed to.’

‘I have told you I do not know her at all. But seriously, some one of the many actors she meets must have fallen in love with her.’

‘It may be so, and yet I have never heard even the suspicion of such a thing breathed; indeed, I would wager my life that if any of them ever did, they never told their story. She is too cold, and

men of that class soon falter in their allegiance when the fortress holds out day after day with the same never-changing aspect, while all around faces as fair and arms as soft are ready to welcome them.'

'But how about officers, young fellows like you and I—have you never seen any of them win their way, while others dropped out of the hunt?'

'O yes, "many a time and oft;" but not with her. My dear Jack, every one knows the British officer is a bold brave man, but I have never yet seen or heard of one bold or brave enough to propose to her. Apart from her own reserved manner, she is nearly always accompanied by some one, a relation or a servant—the "third wheel to a gun"—which (as with the real one) might be dispensed with on all ordinary occasions.'

'Well, I must confess the picture you draw is not encouraging; still you know the effect that girl had on me the first time I saw her.'

'I shall never forget it, never; not if I live to be a thousand.'

'Five long years ago now, and still a beautiful dream-memory. I have seen girls as fair, nay fairer, often and often; they have faded one and all out of my remembrance—I could not recall one feature; but shut my eyes for an instant and think of Edith Lennox, and into life starts every feature of that sweet face, while a voice which must win every hearer's heart murmurs through an atmosphere steeped in delicious memories of days when the bloom of the fruit was still on one's life, and first love made itself heard irresistibly.'

'O, go on; don't mind me; rave away! You'll end your days in a lunatic asylum yet. I fancy I see you already sitting in the sunlight in the middle of a cell,

with a straw hat on, fancying yourself a poet.'

'And for you, what dark fate shall I prophesy? Married to a strong-minded woman, all "women's rights" and "men's clothes," with plenty of money and no feeling. Never an action of your own permitted without a surveillance that will make life almost worthless; never a day without the taunt, "I made you what you are." Ha, ha, ha! If true love be a bad sort of speculation for a soldier somehow used to command, what must mock love be when the golden bands show the iron beneath, and one sinks below the level of one's servants; "out of it" altogether where one ought to be captain and leader and lord, and when one awakes, as many a good fellow has done and will again, to find that plus wife minus love is—'

'What?'

'The very mischief.'

'Bravo, Jack! Upon my word you ought to write a book, just for the sake of trying to put society "straight." Publish it in the form of a tract, and leave a number here and there in railway stations.'

'So I will some day, and put your "ugly countenance" in as a frontispiece.'

'For this and all other compliments—the—may I be made thankful!'

'But come now, be serious for one minute. Remember, I hold you to your promise; you will introduce me to Miss Lennox the first opportunity after we arrive in England.'

'O poor misguided youth, yes.'

The above conversation takes place between two young officers half lying, half reclining on the deck of a P. and O. steamer wending her homeward way swiftly, silently, through a dead calm

in the Bay of Bengal; the time is late in the afternoon, late in July; the atmosphere, which all day had been like a burning fiery furnace in spite of double awnings, seems gradually cooling down as the sun sinks lower and lower, till from sky-line to vessel and far away beyond stretches a pathway of gold. A moment, and he is gone; darkness comes, up gets the moon, and before one can look round almost 'tis night. Five years away from home (both of them), all of it spent in the 'far East,' not related in any way, simply friends. Brother officers, bound together by that comradeship which springs from constant association, and sharing common dangers, ready to do anything the one for the other. Both good-looking, and unmistakably soldiers, right good manly fellows. Jack Kavanagh and Charlie Graham, 'twere hard for any woman to choose between ye as ye lie there in the moonlight; many a heart-ache are you fated to cause in dear old England ere the 'old year's out and the new year in.'

The voyage drags out its weary length, quickly when in sight of land, O so wearily, drearily, when naught but sea and sky are visible.

Ceylon is reached, and the run along its southern shore does much to kill monotony. It is early morning, and a light breeze from seaward helps the sun to scatter the night mists clinging to wood or mountain; surely as the mist clears off 'tis fairyland at last we see. Can any landscape be fairer? hill after hill, mountain after mountain, a vast encampment of hills and mountains one behind the other, stretching far away into dim distance, clothed with a wealth of lovely vegetation as far as eye can reach, while all the foreground down to the very water's edge is dark with graceful

palm-trees here and there in startling contrast with the sandy shore. Fast fleets this lovely scene; Point de Galle appears in view, glistening white in the morning sun.

A brief stay here, and then on through the Indian Ocean, where thousands of flying-fish break the monotony of the sea-surface, till land once more appears low down on the horizon, and soon dark and dreary-looking Aden looms large in the brilliant sunlight, fourteen hundred feet of black rugged rock without a sign of vegetation.

A few hours, and then again on the wing and away for the Red Sea. Gradually the heat increases, till the deck is strewn night and day with the helpless, almost inanimate, bodies of the passengers, all more or less in a state of collapse. What matter to them that Mocha is to be seen on the starboard side, or Suez on the port bow? What do they care about the passage of the Israelites or Moses' Well? Nothing, absolutely nothing, sir, I assure you!

Suez passed, and in the Canal. A dreary route at first, and winds slowly through many turnings, with sand on either bank as far as eye can reach; but gradually the scene improves: a hamlet, then a ferry over which camels are being conveyed, then a flock of sheep tended by a shepherd whose style of dress is as old as the sand beneath his feet, and so on with some object of ever-varying interest, till it opens out into Lake Jimsah. On again with the first blush of dawn, having made fast to the bank for the night, and ere noon Lake Menzaleh is passed, and the anchor drops at Port Said.

A wondrous sight this Lake Menzaleh in the morning sun, its bosom white with countless myriads of birds—herons, flam-

ingoes, dottrel, duck, &c.—while every now and then some vast flock will rise simultaneously to seek a better feeding-place, fly for some few hundred yards *en masse*, till suddenly the cry goes forth 'to halt,' and then bursting like a shell from its centre with dazzling glitter of wings each bird drops softly into the water, reminding one of a lovely snow-storm sweeping down, as bird follows bird in a perfect shower of birds.

Full steam ahead, and ploughing along through the deep blue Mediterranean Sea, the charms of which, if charms they be, are too well known, I ween, to need even a passing word. In due time through varying rough and smooth weather Southampton is reached; and Kavanagh and Graham go their different ways, to meet in London later on, the former having once more reminded Graham of his promise.

## CHAPTER II.

'Careless of all—of my love, of me;  
Beautiful, proud, and fair to see;  
Breaking my heart, while her own  
is free,' *Monthly Magazine.*

LONDON; a raw, cold, dismal evening towards the end of November; drizzling rain, and heavy oppressive fog outside, but, O, how comfortable within doors! The scene, a room in a certain military club; Jack Kavanagh lying back in a comfortable arm-chair, trying to fix his attention on a newspaper, but ever and anon glancing towards the fireplace, where stands Charlie Graham, holding forth to a few select friends on the subject of subalterns' grievances, and the enormous advantage of serving her Majesty in the 'far East'; several old members looking very indig-

nant, deeming it sacrilege that any one should dare to speak above a whisper in their august presence, half wondering the walls do not fall in and crush them where they stand as a burst of merriment breaks forth from the group. As the laughter dies away Kavanagh rises and walks towards the group.

'Come along, Charlie; it's gone seven, and hang me if I wait any longer.'

'One moment—good-night, gentlemen; we will renew this most interesting conversation at the earliest opportunity.' And with a mock bow he takes Jack's arm and leads him out of the room.

'Who is that good-looking fellow with Graham?' asks one of the group, as the door closes on our two friends. 'I do not remember having seen him before.'

'O, Kavanagh of the —th; he was in the cavalry once, but some girl, a cousin, I think, played the very mischief with him, and he exchanged to a regiment going abroad. He has been away between five and six years.'

Meanwhile the object of their solicitude is rolling along in aansom towards the Golden Theatre.

'Don't blame me, Jack, if she is not there; I told you she said she most likely would not be able to act to-night,' says Graham.

'All right, old man; you have permission to go behind the scenes any night, have you not?'

'Yes, and to take a friend with me.'

The curtain is up; the first act of the drama named in the programme commences as our two friends take their seats. What the drama? Never mind, it is not a very thrilling one. Kavanagh tries to follow it, but gradually his attention steals away, to wander back through the 'halls of memory.' He is in dreamland. He sees himself a boy again, madly



in love with a beautiful cousin; slowly through the mist of years comes the day he joined his regiment, with her kiss still burning on his lips; six months pass, and he is on his journey home to see his darling again; a few hours gone, and he is sobbing his heart out to find another has stolen the love that was his, and left no sign to soften the blow; tight close his hands, as if on the throat of the man who has wronged him; and then down comes the mist of time, and as it rolls away a softer memory steals across the spirit of his dream: he is present at amateur theatricals given by his regiment ere they embark; there is a girl dressed as a peasant acting; he does not know her, but her face seems to hold him spellbound, while her voice thrills through and through him; the curtain falls, but like one entranced he remains motionless; again deepens the mist, but only for an instant—a cloud across the moon! 'tis gone! and he is on a troopship, fast steaming away from 'merrie England'; but that face is haunting him, that voice ringing in his ears, until he is well-nigh mad.

A sudden burst of applause rouses him. He looks up, and at the same instant, liquid, soft, and low, falls on his ear the voice which even now was ringing in his memory, the voice which so often and often he had heard in his dreams, 'the faint exquisite music of a dream' itself. She is singing low and soft: and liquid stream those notes over the hushed audience, and he listens more like one in a trance than a living man, breathless almost as note after note thrills its way to his heart of hearts; scarcely does he hear Graham's voice as the curtain descends.

'Come along, Jack, as quickly as you can, or you will miss the fair lady.'

Mechanically he follows, much in automaton manner, and in a few moments is in the presence of the girl whose face has haunted him waking and sleeping for five long weary years.

'Miss Lennox, will you give me permission to introduce my dearly beloved brother-in-arms, Jack Kavanagh, lieutenant in H.M. —th regiment of foot? Not a bad fellow, but I fear you will find him rather *triste*; his parents used to beat him, I suspect, in early life, *pauvre enfant*!'

Roused by this nonsense, Jack looks up, and his eyes meet those of Miss Lennox. Then and there, once and for ever, he feels he is face to face with fate. In an instant he is himself again thoroughly.

'Miss Lennox, I deeply appreciate the honour of this introduction; I have looked forward to it for many a day, indeed ever since I first saw you.'

'First saw me, Mr. Kavanagh! When could that have been? I have only acted in London three years, and Mr. Graham tells me you have been abroad as long as he has.'

'Yes, five years; but I saw you at Southsea just before we embarked for foreign service. Perhaps you may remember the private theatricals there.'

'Remember them! Yes, I certainly do; but you were not one of the actors!'

Jack is about to explain that he would willingly have given half the years of his life to have been one of the said actors, when the bell rings, up goes the curtain, and with a pretty graceful inclination of the head she passes him and is on the stage.

He waited and watched, charmed out of himself by her acting, so soft and womanly every turn and gesture, hoping to speak to her

once more that night. But no, it was not to be: he saw her, 'tis true, pass out of the theatre, accompanied by the servant Graham had told him of, and with this, whether he loves her or not, he must be contented for twenty-four hours. Truly Fate is inexorable. Graham has gone. Whither? As well ask the wind where it blows to! And now, as Jack Kavanagh lights a cigar, and strolls slowly homewards, does he commune somewhat seriously with himself. What his thoughts I know not; suddenly he stops, and drives his heel savagely on the pavement.

'No, she can never love me; what is there about me to win any woman's love? I tried once, and failed utterly, miserably; since then I have never cared for any one, never sought any one's love or society save Charlie Graham's. Am I, can I be fool enough to tempt fortune again? No, no! a thousand times no! I will think of it no more.'

Flinging away the end of his cigar he strides rapidly towards the lodgings occupied by Graham and himself, having for the moment cast away all thoughts of Edie Lennox. But, alas, to have thought of her at all, now he knows her, is fatal to his peace of mind; the charm of her presence will not be driven away.

And so next morning, and all through the day, wherever he goes, whatever he does, her presence reigns over him, and evening finds him once more behind the scenes. And now he is often there, and when the new year comes he is still wending his way almost nightly in the direction of the Golden Theatre.

One evening, some months after his introduction, he is at the theatre just before the piece commences, talking to her very earnestly. Any one not wilfully

blind might judge from her bright looks how pleasing his society is; indeed, few girls could listen to such a good-looking fellow, speaking so earnestly that every word he breathes is a prayer almost, without a feeling at least akin to love: and she has long since discerned that this is a different manner of man from all other wooers—a man who loves her for her own sweet self, and whose deep manly respect honours her as she has never yet been honoured.

Their conversation is somewhat rudely interrupted by a handsome-looking man, who, without noticing Jack in the least, addresses himself to Miss Lennox.

'Can I speak to you, Miss Lennox? I'—and here he drops his voice so low that Jack cannot even guess at the rest of the sentence.

'Certainly, if Mr. Kavanagh will excuse me for a moment.' He does not hear her, not he; his eyes and attention are riveted on the man who has dared to come between him and a happiness that was of heaven.

'Alone, if you please. I cannot speak before a stranger.'

It is useless to try and catch Kavanagh's attention; and so, with a sad pleasing look in her pretty eyes, she turns away, and in a moment is out of sight. With a half smile on his face, which almost drives Kavanagh out of his senses, her friend follows.

Poor Kavanagh! His first impulse is to call the fellow back, and give him a regular good thrashing; but it does not take an instant for him to see what a false position he would be in if he interfered in any way. What right has he to her society more than any one else? None whatever. She may surely choose her own companions. And then there steals into his mind his old distrust of women; for he, in com-

mon with many other good fellows thrown over by one girl, has believed the whole sex bad; has visited the sins of the *one* on the *many*. And so he leaves the theatre, repenting bitterly that he ever entered it, seeking day after day, in all sorts of dissipations for which he has no taste, to drown the memory of his short-lived happiness. How vain, how utterly useless such attempts do always prove, few, if any, of the countless thousands, men and women, who walk this earth are ignorant.

Tired, sick at heart, with the dreary feeling of an occupation gone, he returns one night to his lodgings, and flinging himself into an arm-chair by the fire he tries to argue with himself quietly. And really what has she done so unforgivable that he has made up his mind not to see her again? Nothing, any outsider would say; but, dear reader, for sins of this sort in the Court of Love there is no appeal; no punishment surely is too severe for 'leaving one gentleman for, and with, another;' O, no, unforgivable, unpardonable! Did he but know that he had hardly left the theatre ere she returned to look for him, I wonder how it would be then?

His meditations are interrupted by Charlie Graham, who comes upstairs three at a time, flings open the door, and roars out,

'Ho, within there! the "Grand Turk" is ready for his evening meal;' and then, catching sight of Jack's gloomy face, bursts into a fit of laughter.

'O my dear old wet blanket! O my soldier's funeral without any music! O my all things miserable and wretched! what *is* the matter now? I haven't seen you for a week; but when I did see you last I should like to have bought you at my price immensely, and sold you at your own.

And now, in one short week, here you are "to be sold for nothing;" will be given away, in fact, if a kind master or mistress can be found.'

'My dear Charlie, you say "one short week." I have not seen you for three at least; remember you were a fortnight in the country.'

'Quite right. I suppose you have been fretting for me; that accounts for your gloomy face—accept my very best thanks. I met Lindsay of the —th to-day; he inquired most tenderly after you, and asks you to a dinner-party, small and select, he is giving at Richmond to-morrow. What say you, *mon brave*, "yes" or "no"?'

'Who is one likely to meet there?' says Jack, with an attempt at indifference which even Graham sees through.

'Who is one *likely* to meet? Now why can't you ask me at once if Miss Lennox will be there? I do hate fellows who go beating about the bush; and upon my word I've a great mind not to tell you. However, I want you to go; so prepare yourself for the pleasant announcement that she *will* be there.'

'I accept,' says Jack very slowly; and then murmurs to himself, 'Yes, I will go, and just see if I cannot show her that I am not quite so idiotically in love with her as she no doubt fancies I am by this time; surely at a dinner-party like this there must be some opportunity.'

Curiously happy at the idea of trying to annoy, if not make miserable, the girl he loves best in the world, he quite startles Graham by his sudden change from grave to gay; and when at last he retires to rest, he sleeps more soundly than he has for many a night. Such is the wickedness of the heart of man!

## CHAPTER III.

'We call thee hither, entrancing power!  
 Spirit of love! Spirit of bliss!  
 The holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
 And there never was moonlight so  
 sweet as this.'      MOONS.

NEXT evening the opportunity he desires offers itself without any seeking on his part: he finds himself seated next a very pretty girl, and Miss Lennox sitting opposite him, with the very man whose head he so longed to knock off that night at the theatre. Since that night he has not seen her, and now he falters in his purpose as he looks at her for an instant. Beautifully dressed, with one lovely flower in her hair and another in her girdle, she could not, even if she had wished to excite Jack Kavanagh's love anew, have heightened her beauty more, or appeared to better effect. He dare not look at her again; and so, turning almost abruptly to his fair partner, he commences that outrageous species of flirtation which is on the borderland of insult to any woman who is worthy of the name; overdoing it more and more, as every one does who tries this method of retaliation, till half the people at the table are laughing at him. He does not notice it, not he; nor does he see those sweet pleading eyes just across the table.

Sick at heart, he sits there after the ladies have retired, playing listlessly with his wine-glass; only too thankful when, at last, the gentlemen rise to join *les dames*. Wishing to be alone he turns abruptly from them, and walks out on to the balcony through an open window, and with eyes bent on the ground moves slowly along, careless alike of the exquisite scene and the lovely moonlight. The moon is up and the sky cloudless, and all who have been to Richmond know

full well that the view from a certain hotel under such circumstances is second to none in all the length and breadth of 'merrie England.'

Suddenly, as Kavanagh moves down the balcony, he finds himself face to face with Miss Lennox, who, a moment before, was leaning over the balustrade so absorbed in thought as not to notice his approach until he almost touched her.

Half frightened at his dark gloomy looks, and half angry with him for his conduct while at dinner, she draws herself up, and bowing slightly, tries to pass him.

In an instant he is across her path, with what intention Heaven only knows.

Very pale and sad is that sweet face, as she says,

'Mr. Kavanagh, please let me pass. I can see my father in the room behind you; do not oblige me to call him.'

'Call your father! Why not call that friend of yours, to whom methinks you have sworn allegiance, and for whom no doubt you were waiting here when I disturbed you?'

'Mr. Kavanagh, you have no right to speak to me like this; and I tell you, once for all, I will not hear my friends spoken lightly of by any one.'

And then, dear reader, mad with jealousy, poor Master Jack completely lost his head, and many a bitter thing was said, very hard to forgive, and still harder to forget. He broke abruptly away, and ordering his dog-cart, drove off without saying good-bye or good-night to any one. Had he but looked up ere he drove away he might have seen indistinctly at one of the windows a figure I do not think he could have mistaken—watching; a figure that

did not move till the light from his carriage-lamps was no longer visible.

For days and days after this he wandered about London, angry with her, with himself, with every one; almost cursing people who looked happy, as they passed him in the sunlight; wishing he had never come on leave to England; sinning involuntarily, and wishing himself dead—a thousand times dead.

A few weeks of this, and then—is it natural or not?—he once more bends his steps towards the Golden Theatre.

The curtain has just fallen as he arrives on the stage, and amidst a perfect storm of applause Miss Lennox is led before it by the man he deems his rival. As she returns on the way to her dressing-room she passes close to him, and, far too much a lady to cut him, bows very slightly as she turns to cross the stage.

He makes a movement as if to follow and speak to her, but as he moves a sound falls on his ear that stops him as if a bullet had struck him. Glancing up he sees the danger, and it may well drive all the blood from his face to reinforce the heart. Some of the machinery connected with lifting and lowering the scenes has broken, and one of these with its heavy roller is descending, gathering velocity each instant, utterly free from all restraint. The far end of it is between the very two wings Miss Lennox is just about to enter; another instant and it must strike her dead. She does not even see or hear it; her thoughts are with a certain gentleman she had just passed, wondering whether he intends to ask her forgiveness, and so renew their old pleasant intercourse. Quick as thought he is under it with his hands up, hoping at least to stay it

long enough for Miss Lennox to escape the blow; he calls to her without daring to look. Down comes the roller, breaking through his hands on to his head with a dull heavy thud, forcing him down on his knees; and then, strong as he is, almost ere he knows it, he is full length on the stage, with everything swimming round and round him. A tremendous effort and he is on his knees again: but he is hit harder than he thinks; once more he goes down, without the strength to move, and so still does he lie that to all appearance he is dead.

And Miss Lennox—he has saved her life; there is no gain-saying that; the momentary break in its fall as it struck him enabled her to pass out from the wings beyond its reach. Is she sorry or glad to owe her life to him? *Nous verrons.* At all events she is thankful, and there is a nameless something in her manner, as she tries to win him back to consciousness, which tells a tale 'they who run may read.'

It is some months ere he is out and about again; the shock was more severe than was at first thought, and moreover the roller of the scene had badly damaged his right shoulder, having jammed it down on the stage when he fell. During the long dreary time he has had to remain indoors Charlie Graham has been the kindest of kind friends; day and night he has stayed with him, reading, telling ridiculous stories, arguing, and doing anything and everything he can to while away the time, which, always heavy when one is sick, is trebly so when one is in good health, and has to lie up with a damaged limb.

Only once has Charlie named Miss Lennox, for Kavanagh has begged him not to speak of her; and then if Jack had but listened,

he would have heard how, for a long time after the accident, she had either called or sent to ask how he was nearly every day; but he had asked Graham not to mention her name almost directly after he recovered his senses, and so he never knew of these kind attentions.

One morning late in November, almost a year since Graham introduced him to Miss Lennox, he and Charlie are sitting late over breakfast in their lodgings, talking over various things they had intended doing during their leave in England, and which remain to be done now within one month of their departure to rejoin headquarters. Jack is still very weak from his long stay in bed, it being only the second day he has been allowed to go out.

'My dear old man,' says Graham almost abruptly, 'now you are all right again you must return some of the many calls made during your time on the sick-list; amongst others, I bring forward for early notice several made by the Golden Theatre people: some of them have been most kind, calling nearly every day until assured you were well out of danger.'

'Have they? Who would you name in particular? Perhaps that friend of Miss Lennox's. Upon my word he ought to, for I believe I saved his head from a crack that would have given him his final "exit" from the stage.'

Now this was just the opportunity Graham wanted.

'Do you know who that fellow is?'

'No; nor do I care to know; he fancies himself too much for me altogether.'

'Well,' says Graham, not heeding the last remark, 'he is acting stage-manager for stage-manager "gone on leave," and has an uncommonly pretty wife.'

'An uncommon what?' says Jack, springing up from his chair.

'Wife! W-i-f-e, wife! A lady who married him, you know—church, clergyman, bridesmaids, wedding-cake, and coachmen extremely tipsy, &c.'

'Are you certain of this?'

'Just as certain as I am that I sit here. A wife and three, four, five lovely screaming children.'

And then Graham tells him in a most casual way, as if it was most uninteresting, how often Miss Lennox called to inquire or sent to ask after him while he was ill; how she always was wanting to know when he would be about again that she might thank him, &c.; concluding, as he got up to go out, 'I hope, in the cause of common politeness, you will call and see her. You were not, as far as I remember, very attentive to her before that accident; and considering what tremendous running you made there when I first introduced you, it was rather too bad to throw her acquaintance over so soon. *Au revoir.*'

'Little he knows of the matter,' thinks Jack; 'and yet he is not so very wide of the mark, after all. I have tried to throw over her acquaintance—the acquaintance of a girl I love better than my own life, I truly believe—and for what? For a cause that never at any time—how plainly I see it now!—had ever a ring of truth in it to make me jealous, if only I had not been so madly blinded by love. And so I have wronged her, ever since that night, in a miserable unmanly way; wronged her only too deeply, I fear, for her ever to forgive me again. I can but tell her how sorry I am, and plead for her forgiveness before I leave England; she may not grant it, but methinks it will be the sweetest task I have ever had to perform.'



An hour or two later he leaves his lodgings, hails a cab, and drives off to the City, where he has some business to transact connected with his departure from England; a lawyer to see, the P. and O. office to visit, &c. It is nearly five o'clock ere he turns westward, and is fast getting dark. 'Cabby' has been promised an extra half-crown if he keeps good time. Should he reach his destination without being taken up for 'furious driving,' commend me to the deity that watches over the destiny of cabmen in general, and this one in particular. It is needless to say that Kavanagh is on his way to see Miss Lennox: the house is reached, and 'cabby' dismissed 'with a smile upon his countenance which speaks nothing else but joy.' Fast beats Kavanagh's heart as he rings the bell. The door is opened, but before he has time to ask if Miss Lennox is at home, he sees her father descending the stairs ready dressed to go out.

No sooner does the old gentleman catch sight of him than he hurries forward, and almost overwhelms him with thanks for saving his daughter's life. The servant discreetly retires, and the dear old man continues to pour out expressions of life-long gratitude. Suddenly, however, a thought strikes him, and he says,

'Mr. Kavanagh, no doubt you would like to see my daughter, and hear from her own lips how deeply indebted she considers herself to you for your pluck and presence of mind. She has just returned from her afternoon walk, and you will find her in the drawing-room. You will have to excuse me,' says the old man, with a half smile, 'as I have an engagement some little distance from here; however, I shall be back in an hour or so, and I trust

to find you here, and that you will stay and dine with us.'

'Thanks, a thousand thanks,' says Jack, closing the door after the old gentleman and quickly ascending the stairs, thanking his lucky star for giving him this opportunity.

The drawing-room door is half open, and at the sight within he stops, charmed to the spot in spite of himself. The room itself is very pretty, the furniture and all the thousand and one little ornaments still prettier. Taken together even by daylight they are 'bad to beat;' but now, with the rich red fire-light streaming over and softening everything, they form as pretty a scene as ever lover dreamed of. And Miss Lennox is there, sitting in front of the fire, with her head resting on her hand, gazing dreamily into the burning mass; while one pretty foot, escaped from the dress that so jealously hides the other, rests on the fender. She has just come in from a walk, as her father said, and still has her outdoor things on, except her bonnet and gloves, which are lying beside her on the rug; her sealskin jacket with its fur trimmings is thrown open, displaying the prettiest of pretty figures clad in very dark green, with a ruffle round the neck which alone is enough to convert to matrimony even its most bitter enemy. So soft is the carpet that she does not hear his footfall as he enters the room, and he is obliged to pronounce her name; and then, at the sound of his voice, she springs to her feet, recognising him almost instantly.

'O Mr. Kavanagh, how glad I am to see you out again after so many weeks indoors!'

'Thank you, Miss Lennox; I am repaid over and over again for that weary time in hearing you speak like this.'

'I saw Mr. Graham to-day, and he told me you were all right again, so I need not ask; but I do hope and trust you will never feel any ill effects from that dreadful blow. How can I ever thank you sufficiently for saving my life?'

O, how tempted he is to take her in his arms and say, 'By giving me the right, darling, to watch over it for ever;' but his mind is made up to tell her how he has wronged her in his thoughts, and ask forgiveness for his conduct since he has known her; so he answers,

'Miss Lennox, I have no right to any thanks after the way I behaved to you at Richmond, and before and since that miserable night. Will you sit down and let me tell you all about it, and how sorry I am?'

He leads her to the chair before the fire, and standing over her tells her in his own straightforward manly way everything that refers to his acquaintance with her, dwelling on any point that

may extenuate his conduct, as if his life depended on it. And so the old sweet story is told again to no unwilling listener; and when the teller has finished, his darling pet, the girl so dearly loved for her own sweet sake, is in his arms, whispering amidst happy tears the dear confession that she has loved him ever since she first knew him.

He did not go abroad, after all. The regiment having been placed under orders to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, for an unlimited number of years in all probability, he effected an exchange, and does not intend to leave England again, only too happy with his darling wife.

My lady readers, beware of Charlie Graham if you ever meet him—good-looking, rich, unmarried, and the wildest scamp that ever put on a scarlet coat. He will win your hearts, without losing his own, one after the other; his only excuse the Irishman's—'Women's me wakeness.'

## AT A LITTLE DINNER IN TATTER-STREET.

### I.

A STRANGE uneasiness possesses the juvenile population of Golden-lane and of Whitecross-street, and all the threescore-and-ten blind and purblind courts and alleys that, as the tangled meshes of a great net, extend from the City Barbican to Old-street, and from Bunhill-row, Goswell-road. The adult inhabitants appear to be unaffected. The gin-shops of the neighbourhood are, as usual, well attended by the female kind, and their gossip is of nothing extraordinary; while the males of the alley-tribes, who prefer the more substantial comfort of the beer-shop, puff at their short pipes, and drink out of quart-measures with their ordinary air of dull stupidity. No particular animation is visible in the streets. The stall-keepers and the costermongers pursue their ordinary avocations without excitement, and their conversation with their customers is confined to the commonplaces of hard bargain-driving. Now and again a fishwoman in the market-street, chilled to the bones by the bleak wind and the small rain that is falling, will remark to a neighbour, 'What wretched weather!' and the latter, with a shrug of her wet shoulders, will reply, 'Beastly!' and no more is said on the subject; which is the more surprising, because the 'subject'—the weather, that is—is seemingly the main cause of the commotion amongst the youngsters. In the case of those who are most hungry and ragged and miserable-looking, this is particularly ob-

servable. They meet in groups at the street-corners and whisper together, and scan the lowering clouds as though some wonderful atmospherical phenomenon were overdue, and the surprise was that it did not appear. Presently a boy of twelve years, perhaps, judging from the worldly-wise expression of his wizened face, but not more than seven or eight, if he is to be judged by his stature (if so, a poor little structure of little more than bones and rags can fairly be so designated), consults his young friends, and then furtively mounts up on to the back of a cart, and so commands a view of the vane on the top of St. Luke's Church. 'Which way is it now, Billy?' is the eager question asked. 'Sou'-west still, blow it!' Billy responds ruefully, climbing down from his perch. There can be no doubt that it was the direction in which the wind was that Billy alluded to; and hearing his report, his companions indorse his opinion in a bleak chorus of 'Blow it!' unaware, possibly, that their commentary was something in the nature of consigning coals to Newcastle. After in this manner easing their overburdened bosoms, they huddle, for warmth's sake, closer still under a convenient archway, and commence and go through a pantomimic performance of a nature to strike with wonder, if not with terror, the chance observer. They thrust out vigorously with both hands clenched and with a downward dip, as though they grasped a fork and knife, and there was a smoking plateful of something

good before them ; they raise the phantom implements to their mouths, and make voracious bites at the empty air, and their sharp teeth snap together like a rat-trap that has missed the rat ; they champ their jaws until the hinges seem like to chafe through the mere skin that covers them. The ghostly banquet at an end, they join in a dance, out of which Dervishes themselves might gain a wrinkle, and rub their mocked stomachs with both hands. Then they suddenly subside to moody silence again, which lasts until, in a few minutes, there is again a whispering, and again, like Sister Anne, Billy once more climbs up the cart, looking towards St. Luke's steeple for relief. 'How is it now, Billy?' But it is evident from his countenance that the tidings he has are not of comfort and joy ; and without waiting an answer to the momentous question, they jerk their towzled heads despairingly, and slouch off in the rain and mire.

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## II.

THE scene is still Golden-lane and its grimy vicinage, but under a different aspect. The vane on the top of St. Luke's steeple has ceased to indicate sou'-west. With rigid determination, and without the least symptom of wavering, its index points nor'-east, and there is snow in the air, snow on the housetops and in the parish churchyard, white as snow should be ; snow in the streets and gutters of the hue and consistency of inferior paste-blackening. A terrible day for the poor costermongers and stall-keepers of Whitecross-street. The fishwoman who yesterday stigmatised the weather as beastly, because it drenched her shawl and compelled her to stand in a puddle,

could not, unless she sent home for a kettle of hot water and thawed the stubborn ice in the kennel, find a puddle to stand in, though she walked a mile in search of it, and her life depended on it. A day so biting bitterly cold that the very turnips and carrots set out in penny lots on the bleak boards looked nipped up and frost-bitten, and would be grateful to any one who would take them home and pop them into a comforting pot of hot soup. Gin fails this morning to be all that is desired by the miserable women who indulge in it at the bars of the Whitecross-street gin-shops. There does not seem to be warmth enough in the fiery liquid to set free the slatternly dram-drinkers' powers of speech, or to alter the leaden hue of their lips. The male loafers at the beer-shops find no comfort in pewter measures—perhaps it is because their pockets are frozen out—and loiter by the lamp-posts, asking each other in dismayed voices how 'long this 'ere is a-goin' to last,' as they stamp their feet and blow on their knuckles, for warmth's sake. The sudden frost seems to have paralysed this neighbourhood of squalor, and everybody is half-benumbed and wretched-looking—except the children. Here they come in a troop—Billy of yesterday and his young friends amongst the number ; and though the shoes and boots of the whole party, on account of their ramshackle, would not, if all sold to an old Jew, realise enough money to buy a single new pair, the Dervish dance they performed yesterday was quite a lame performance to what they are equal to this morning. Their jackets and frocks are miserably thin (for there are little girls as well as boys), and flutter in the wind, and in many cases the tiny tatter-

demalions have neither hat nor cap, and their hair is prematurely gray with the snow that lodges in it. But they don't seem to mind it a bit. Mind it! they rejoice and revel in it, and laugh out loud, though their noses are blue, and the breath puffs out white as steam when they open their mouths. They are all going in one direction, it must be remarked—all towards Golden-lane, and to a narrow turning there, at the corner of which there is a great building, which looks like a model lodging-house.

But they are not model lodgers, and they do not live there. They are at present simply going to school. Never were there such diligent scholars or such early ones. The school does not profess to open until nine o'clock; and though the morning is so inclement, and it still lacks full fifteen minutes of that hour, there are a hundred or more of the tiny tag-rag and bobtail of the neighbourhood already gathered about the door. Nobody complains of the cold. Even to the littlest, who wraps her blue arms in her ragged pinafore, they are light-hearted and jovial almost, and talk in eager undertones to each other with big eyes and involuntary clapping of hands, as though some great event were about to happen. Perhaps it is so. Maybe it is the mysterious event for indications of the coming of which Billy yesterday made an observatory of the wood-chopper's cart, and longingly scanned the horizon towards St. Luke's church, with a view to ascertaining which way the wind blew. But no one evinces the least curiosity respecting the way of the wind to-day. Billy certainly does not. He is in so jocose a mood that he has a fancy to contemplate creation from an upside-down point of

view, and to this end balances himself on his head in the snow against the school-wall, beating time with his naked feet to the tune of a song, seemingly an extemporaneous one, in which frequently occur the words 'Irish stew.'

'Don't you make so cock-sure of it, Bill Widgery,' croaks a bullet-headed boy, fat and well-fed, and who evidently has recently partaken of an ample breakfast.

'Why not?' Master Widgery asks, stopping abruptly in his cheerful melody.

'Cos you might be dissapinted,' replies the bullet-headed boy, with a malicious relish for the other's dismay; 'because it has always come off on the fast day of freezing, it don't foller that it will this time. I don't think it will.'

William Widgery's legs are stricken rigid as wooden legs against the wall, and the ragged hair of his head no longer twirls like a mop on the half-baked snow on which it rests. The wild song, the refrain of which is 'Irish stew! Oh-h, li-ar-ish stew-w-w!' dies in his mouth, and with an altogether changed expression of countenance he slowly regains his right way up. Billy is a full head shorter than the bullet-headed boy. Fairly split down the middle, the latter might have represented the bulk of two Billys, with material to spare. There was that, however, in the other's speech which lent to Billy the pluck and spirit of David when he faced the giant Goliath.

'Be fair now, Charley Chowser, and tell us if you have heard anything. *Don't* let a feller go on a hopin' and a hopin', and all for nothing.' And little Widgery approaches the bulky boy, his voice husky with emotion and dismal apprehension, but at the same time

with his fists tightly clenched behind him.

Others besides Billy had heard the bullet-headed boy's remark, and their heart-sinking and consternation was visible in their faces.

'What do yer mean?' laughs Master Chowser, enjoying the fun.

'You just said that you don't think it will come off to-day. Have you heard anything? Come now.'

'It don't matter to you. P'raps I have, and p'raps I haven't. I don't care which way it is. But it *do* make me savage, Bill, to see a chap as 'oggish as you are.'

'Never you mind about that!' and Bill's knuckles twitched behind him, and his breath grew shorter. 'Have you heard anything? that's what I want to know.'

'Well, I haven't heard more than you; but—'

'Then take that for frightening a cove; and not only me, but all these little uns—gals, mind yer—some of 'em what's been looking forward to it, and got a cause to, Charley Chowser, which you haven't.'

And amidst the applause of those whose cause he championed, the fists of the bloodthirsty little Widgery flew at Master Chowser's nose. It was a rash attack, however great the provocation. There was no weight at all in Billy's mites of fists, and the effect of their stinging Chowser's nose was not to draw blood from that flattened organ, but to strike fire out of his eyes.

'Now who's 'oggish!' demanded Billy, still sparring, but evidently a little alarmed for what he was about to catch.

'Hi am!' roared the bullet-headed boy, with frightful emphasis, as he spat on his smutty fists (he carried out coals after

school-hours). But happily there was at that moment a cry, 'Here's master! Hooray, here he comes!' and the battle, if battle there was to be, was postponed.

### III.

THAT prophet of evil, Charley Chowser, even though he was never permitted to lay a vengeful fist on Billy Widgery, could not deny that before that morning's school was at an end he had secured to himself ample satisfaction for the assault and battery that had been committed on his person. By means of nods and winks, and all manner of malicious dumb-show, he now affected to be complete master of the mystery, one of the component parts of which, judging from Billy's vague allusions, was Irish stew. Whenever he found opportunity, which was every time the backs of the superintendent and the school-master were turned towards him, did that pitiless imp proceed to goad the boys of his class almost to madness. By signs and motions he made bold to repeat the ominous prediction that had so roused little Widgery's ire. The fat rascal—as before mentioned, he already had partaken of a hearty breakfast, and before he left home for school had seen the prime piece of salt beef that was to be boiled for the family dinner—now went beyond, forming with his lips those spirit-damping words, 'Don't be too cock-sure.' He stealthily drew on his slate a schoolroom full of skeletons—chief amongst which, and to be identified by the odd boot and shoe in which its leg-bones were incased, was Billy Widgery—all seated on forms, with empty plates on their laps, their ghastly eye-orbits turned towards the master's desk, their



grisly jaws ajar in famished expectancy; and there was the master 'making a sight' at them all with his outstretched fingers at his nose, while proceeding from his lips came the mocking words, 'Don't you wish you may get it!'

Get what? There is no reason, at all events, why the reader should be kept longer in suspense, if the ragged scholars of the Lane of Gold are. The prosaical fact is this: The superintendent of this school in the alums, Mr. William Orsman by name, amongst the score or so of substantial blessings he has been instrumental in conferring on the legion of alley-dwellers that live round about these his headquarters, is one of rather a novel kind, and which could only have originated in the mind of a man who had taken deeply to heart the teaching of his Master, 'Love little children.' 'Let me consider,' one can well imagine this Christian gentleman pondering the matter; 'what else can I do towards smoothing the stony road these poor folk are fated to travel? I have successfully founded all manner of clubs, amongst them being a money-saving club—a club by means of which a barrow-man may speedily become the owner of the vehicle he uses, instead of paying eighteen-pence a week for it; and a club on which they may draw in times of sickness. I have by degrees weaned scores of them from being coarse brutal drunkards to become sober and decent members of society, and have stirred the charity of the benevolent in their interest, so that their sick and helplessly aged need not go hungry. I have a fund for supplying them with coals in the cold weather at market price. What else can be done? I think that he must have asked himself the question one wintry day—just such a one as that on

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which Bill Widgery smote the nose of the tantalising coal-boy—when his schoolful of poor little shivering scholars was about to be dismissed from morning attendance, and it occurred to him that to a certainty, in nine cases out of ten, 'going home to dinner,' even in that bleak weather, was a mere empty form, and meant at best nothing more than a lump of dry bread, of limited dimensions, or perhaps two or three hot potatoes. 'If I could only secure to the hungry little creatures a good, hot, satisfying dinner once or twice a week,' said good Mr. Orsman to himself, 'what a lot of comfort they would get out of it! What would it cost to give a hundred of them an Irish-stew dinner?' A little pencilling soon settles that part of the business, and the result was that one bitterly cold day the experiment was tried. It was such an enormous success that, as the theatre people say, 'hundreds were turned away from the doors,' which must have been a much more pitiful sight for the kind-hearted provider of the feast looking out at the window than for the theatrical manager. But a repetition of the entertainment was announced, and this time double the number of guests were invited; and so the glorious institution grew, until it has come to this, that somehow or another—for Mr. Orsman seldom has a week's poor children's dinner-money in hand—in a vulgar manner of speaking, 'the pot has been kept boiling' ever since, during frosty months, and twice, even three times, a week at what are known as 'God-send' times—i.e. when an unexpected donation for this express purpose finds its way to the hands of the treasurer—*three hundred* of the ill-clad, half-fed small fry of the neighbourhood are as bountifully fed as was that other host,

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whose meal consisted of miraculous loaves and fishes.

The system has been if possible to make a start at the first appearance of frost or snow, which will sufficiently account for the anxiety of Billy Widgery and his dinnerless young friends that the wind should change from a wet quarter, and give place to that deliciously keen blast that brought with it the aroma of beef and mutton, bubbling in a seething caldron with all manner of vegetables.

It was on this last-mentioned point that opinion was so much divided on the occasion in question. It was a rule to make no mention of the preparing banquet until dinner-time; but, as a rule, it betrayed itself. The kitchen, though apart from the school-house, was not so very far off, and hungry children have keen noses. Ten o'clock—half-past. If incessant 'sniffing' is symptomatic of impending cold in the head, there was not one of the whole number but would be in a bad way to-morrow. Charley Chowser sniffs derisively, and affects to sneeze at the powerful odour of cooked meat that tickles his nostrils.

A quarter to eleven—eleven o'clock; and hope grows faint in the bosom of even the most sanguine. Once, and once only, had there been a sign of promise—an indirect sign, it is true; but it is proverbial that the drowning catch at straws. Polly Nagle upset her ink-bottle, whereon the school-master called out to her: 'If you are not more careful, miss, you may have reason to be sorry.' Of course there may have been nothing in the words bearing on the burning subject; but at the moment they were eagerly caught at and fondly construed as an intimation to Polly that the time for her to commence being sorry

would be dinner-time. But, alas, nothing further came of it!

Presently, however, hope was a-tiptoe again. When mariners have lain long becalmed, it is said that they are by some unknown means made aware of the coming breeze before even the tiniest breath of it has stirred the limp sails. Sniff, sniff! The hungry hundred, halting between hope and fear, eye each other askance, and gather courage from the lowering brow of Chowser. Surely that was a whiff from the kitchen! Another minute and the malignant boy with the bullet-head was completely discomfited. Had there been a door inadvertently opened, or had it been set ajar by the master's private instructions? There could no longer exist any question about it, at all events. Irish stew, undoubtedly! The cold air was fragrant with the delicious aroma, and with one final sniff, grateful and prolonged, the happy hundred settle down comfortably to their spelling lesson.

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#### IV.

THE banquet, however, was not merely for one hundred guests, it was for three hundred. As the kind-hearted founder of the feast well knew, there were little brothers and sisters at home in many instances too young to come to school at present, but quite old enough to be painfully familiar with the sensation of hunger and to appreciate the blissful feelings a good hot dinner brings. The worthy superintendent knows all these little ones as well as a careful farmer's wife knows the chicks in the poultry-yard, and it is no trouble to him or his assistant to specify to the scholars as they gleefully pass out who they are

at liberty to bring back with them. 'But why send them home at all when it would be just as easy to despatch a few messengers to fetch the remainder of the guests?' the reader may ask. For the very good reason that there is no such thing as a dinner-service to feast three hundred on the Golden-lane premises; and the rule is, that those who would eat must provide themselves with a knife or a spoon and some kind of vessel to eat out of. They are expected back in a half-hour, and lo, they come, punctual to the minute, you may depend. Did the picture have no other side but its ludicrous one, it would make the fortune of any person who could introduce into a Christmas pantomime that comical procession of little Jack Rag's dinner-party, the guests bearing their own appurtenances to the dining-table: plates were the exception, saucers, gallipots, basins, jugs, jars, covers of vegetable-dishes, lids of tureens, soap-dishes, tin dishes out of Dutch-ovens, shaving-pots, saucepan-lids even. It did not matter in the least. The dinner was the thing.

And there was the dinner all ready. Those guests who were the first to get in occupied the forms; the later comers swarmed over the platform or squatted on the floor. The youngest children of all were thus disposed of, which made it convenient for little sisters, turned mothers of ten years old or so, to gather about her the younger progeny of the family—her three or four friends, including sometimes a baby in arms, all eating out of one great dish or small brown pan, with but one spoon amongst them, which was judiciously wielded by the presiding genius. All seated, and then in comes the Irish stew! Rough and ready; for there is no

help for that. Money is a precious commodity at this establishment, and it would be bad economy to provide tablecloths and waiters, and to cut down the dinner-party from three hundred to two hundred and fifty. To provide plenty is the main thing; and surely plenty there is. That copper in the kitchen is big enough to hold the renowned Jack the Giant-Killer and at least two of his seven brothers—they used to depict them as being very small in the pictures of the book when I was a juvenile—and it is brimming full. It is turned out in great cans, and the three or four helpers go rapidly about and fill the vessels of the guests as they sit. It is excellent stew. I tasted a little, and I then tested, with a relish, quite enough to fortify me against the nipping frost, when the time came for me to take my departure. But if I found it good, how did *they* find it? They might possibly, had they been in calm possession of their senses, have been able to find words to express their opinion on the matter; but they were far too deeply engaged to talk. Now and again, when the whole company were at full swing, might be heard a voluntary ejaculation addressed to no one, but merely uttered in the full satisfaction of the soul. 'Ain't it stunning!' 'Don't it warm yer!' &c.; but, bating these sounds, nothing was heard but the clinking of knives and spoons against tin or crockeryware, the smacking of lips, and the tremulous suspirations of those who were impatient to 'get on' rather faster than the heat of their plateful would at present permit. Plates, bowls, platters, and pans were emptied, filled again, and once more emptied with stint, until the room was foggy with the steam of the savoury meal. As I have already

remarked, it was rough and ready, and scarcely the kind of 'spread' one would set a child down to if the chief object was to teach it 'manners' at the dinner-table. But I can say this much, that even at the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor's state-dinner is so magnificently laid out, I have failed to derive so much real enjoyment as the contemplation of that banquet of Irish stew afforded me. It was worth almost any money to observe the gradual banishment of the expression of almost wolfish voracity from the eyes of the most ravenous of the boys, until the serene and placid

'Had quite enough, thanky,' look took its place; while one and all, the dinner at an end, as they rose and sang their simple grace, appeared so much the better for what they had received, that it was no wonder that they were, as they declared themselves to be, 'truly thankful.'

And now, as a parting word, what does the good reader suppose was the sum it cost to make three hundred poor children so supremely happy on a cold winter's day? FIFTY SHILLINGS! It is a fact. Any benevolently-disposed lady or gentleman may test the accuracy of my statement for this sum.



## CHARLES SUMNER'S LETTERS.\*

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THE Honourable Edward Pierrepont, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of St. James's, two hours after his arrival in London—that is, on the 4th of July 1876—was called upon to assist at the banquet celebrating the 'Centennial of American Independence;' and in proposing the sentiment, 'The progress of science, art, and literature of the Anglo-Saxon race,' he said that it was much easier for an American to understand the British statesman than for the British statesman to understand the Americans. The reason given was that the statesmen of England wrote books, which the Americans never did. The present Premier had written *Vivian Grey* and *Lothair*, and it was easy to understand his views in regard to America; while another had translated Homer, and it was as easy to understand his views regarding colonies. This statement about the abstention of American statesmen from literary production was gracefully challenged by a contemporary, who pointed out the exceptions which might be cited against each of the parts of Mr. Pierrepont's double proposition. It was quite true that the late Lord Derby translated Homer, that Lord Russell wrote *Don Carlos*, and Lord Beaconsfield *Lothair*, that Mr. Gladstone was a voluminous author, and that the Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of

Salisbury had both dabbled in literature. Going back to the past, it could not fail to be remembered that Lord Chesterfield was a wit among lords, and a lord among wits; that Charles James Fox began a history of the Stuarts; that George Canning was the pillar of the *Anti-Jacobin*; and that even the austere William Pitt condescended to add at least one stanza to the immortal ditty of the *University of Gottingen*. But reverting to modern times, and bearing in mind Palmerston's slight contribution to the *New Whig Guide*, and Brougham's contributions to everything, what literary performances could be laid at the doors of the great Sir Robert Peel, of Lord Aberdeen, of Lord Granville, or indeed of a host of English politicians in every way qualified to claim the rank of statesmen? The Presidents and the leading statesmen of America had, almost without exception, been lawyers or soldiers; and soldiers and lawyers were not much given to writing books, save on purely professional subjects. Mr. Lincoln, although so witty, did not leave behind him so much as a revised edition of Joe Miller; and the world had not up to that time been favoured—a want since then partially made good in this hemisphere—with a manual of laconics or a treatise on silence from the pen of General Grant. On the other hand, literary merit of the very highest order had frequently been a conspicuous characteristic of American diplomats, amongst whom might be

\* *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner.* By Edward L. Pierce. 2 vols. (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.)

mentioned the great names of Benjamin Franklin, George Bancroft, Washington Irving, Winthrop Motley, and Bayard Taylor. The worst wish to be expressed with regard to Mr. Pierrepont was that he might live to refute his own theory; and that, while approving himself a wise and politic statesman in adjusting any little difficulties which, during his stay in this country, might arise between his Government and our own, he would eventually write a book on England and her institutions as entertaining and as trustworthy as that penned fifty years ago by another Minister to the Court of St. James's, the accomplished and high-minded Richard Rush.

The name thus honourably introduced is that of the author, *inter alia*, of a *Residence at the Court of London from 1817 to 1825*, the first edition of which appeared in 1833 both in America and in England; whilst a third edition was published in 1872, with annotations by his son, Benjamin Rush, who was Secretary of the United States Legation in London from 1837 to 1841, and who further edited in 1873 Richard Rush's *Court of London from 1819 to 1825: with Subsequent Occasional Productions, now first published in Europe*. It was the aim of Mr. Rush to cultivate and preserve the best relations between England and the United States; in this policy exhibiting an enlightened view of diplomatic duties which has so happily dominated most of the lives of American diplomatists who have in this country represented their own. Of Mr. Rush as an observer and chronicler of what he observed it may be said that there are two things of which his descendants feel they have a right to be proud. 'Never, that they

are aware, has any of his statements been called in question; and with all his appreciation of England, her solid glory, the durable foundations of her greatness, and her historic renown, together with his high estimate of her people, amongst whom he lived so long and mixed so largely, never for one moment did he fail in his superior duty to the land of his birth and his allegiance.' Giving occasionally in the unreserve of domestic or friendly correspondence his experience, not only of London society in town, but also of the same society when relaxing or bracing itself in country duties and hospitalities, Mr. Rush was ever very guarded in touching with his pen upon scenes and topics of private significance, peremptorily restraining himself whenever his admiration for the individual and national characteristics of the social system of England might have placed him in danger of violating by publicity what he severely chose to regard as sacred and confidential.

The Honourable Charles Sumner—a lawyer, statesman, and sometime sojourner in Europe (1837-40), where he never held any public appointment—had for this country the same keen, kindly, and qualified appreciation which was entertained for it by Mr. Rush, the official representative of the United States; and he likewise shared that Minister's subtle and refined perception of what was gracious in speech or honourable in reticence. In this last particular, however, it may be said that Mr. Sumner placed his taste and judgment in commission; for the publication before us is posthumous, and the responsibility of alternative publication or suppression is distributed amongst three of his surviving friends, who have acted



under the authority conferred upon them by the first article of Mr. Sumner's will: 'I bequeath to Henry W. Longfellow, Francis V. Balch, and Edward L. Pierce, as trustees, all my papers, manuscripts, and letter-books, to do with them what they think best; with power to destroy them, to deposit them in some public library, or to make extracts from them for publication.' With the facilities afforded by this trust, and the aid of Mr. Sumner's early friends, who have kindly contributed their recollections of him and such letters as they had preserved, the biographer, who is Mr. Pierce, the last named of the above trustees, has prepared two volumes of the *Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner*, for the period closing with the oration on the *True Grandeur of Nations*, July 4, 1845, which is the first production included in the edition of his *Works* as revised by himself, and marks the beginning of his public career. The two volumes which we owe at present to the care and ability of Mr. Pierce are only an instalment of what we are in the long-run to expect from his friendly labours.

Mr. Sumner, we have said, was a lawyer, and we might further say that law to him was a love and a life. But by a happy versatility he was almost equally a man of society—to what extent, indeed, has only now been partially revealed; for, although his *Complete Works*, edited, with a Life, by the Hon. Charles A. Phelps, in ten volumes, have for some time been before the world, this production necessarily lacked to a great extent the piquancy of his lately recovered correspondence. As his *Letters*, as collected by Mr. Pierce, are in an important sense the newest of his productions, as well as the productions most suited

to our purpose of the exhibition of social characteristics, it will be chiefly with them that the extracts we propose to make will be conversant. Further, we shall generally narrow the area of our selections to those passages which depict the peculiarities of men who were amongst the foremost in these islands when Mr. Sumner paid them a visit between thirty and forty years ago. The *Letters*, however, are to be remembered as the autobiographic element in a couple of volumes, the burden of which—as that of others to follow—is a *Memoir* of Mr. Sumner; and it will be well to conform to the order of chronology thus suggested, and in the first place to set forth a few of the leading facts in the life, and especially the earlier life, of the honourable gentleman.

Let us, before all, introduce him in terms the probability of which is fully borne out by the manly and decided portraits which adorn respectively the first and second volumes of the *Memoir and Letters*. 'In manner and deportment Mr. Sumner had the stamp of a refined and high-toned gentleman. His figure was commanding, his courage bespoke an intrepid spirit; his voice in debate was deep yet melodious; and he stood among the chosen of the land, a man formed for leadership, esteemed and respected even by those who feared him most. A man of vast acquirements, high ability, distinguished services to humanity, large experience in public affairs, his fame was more than national. As scholar, statesman, and philanthropist, he was known in all civilised lands, and was everywhere regarded as an honour to his country. There are no American statesmen better known or more highly esteemed in England than Charles Sumner and Charles

Francis Adams. About two years after Mr. Sumner's visit to England in 1837 the *Quarterly Review* said of him: "He presents in his own person a decisive proof that an American gentleman, without any official rank or wide-spread reputation, by mere dint of courtesy, candour, an appreciating spirit, and a cultivated mind, may be received on a perfect footing of equality in the best circles, social, political, and intellectual; which, be it observed, are hopelessly inaccessible to the itinerant note-taker, who never gets beyond the outskirts of the show-houses. The purity of Mr. Sumner's character would alone cause him to be remembered gratefully by his country. No breath of suspicion ever touched him. In an age when corruption too often enters into public life, Mr. Sumner preserved his character free from all reproach. He was never involved in any discreditable scheme; he had nothing to fear from 'disclosures' or 'investigations.' He was absolutely proof against the evil influences of Washington; he seldom asked for an office for any man, and never took a part in underhanded intrigues. His example in this respect is one of inestimable value to younger men who are entering the field of politics. There are not too many like him in any age or country, and he could ill be spared from the councils of the nation at a time when the standard of public life is not being very perceptibly elevated, and when 'Butlerism' threatens to take the place of statesmanship." The above estimate of Mr. Sumner's character appeared in the *New York Times* just after his death; which, we may say in advance of Mr. Pierce's volumes, took place on the 11th of March 1874, from a disease said to be traced by his physicians

to the effects of the historic blow struck in the Senate in 1856 by Preston S. Brooks, a member from South Carolina. At the time of his death Mr. Sumner was something over sixty-three years of age, having been born, as one of 'the eldest and twin children of Charles Pinckney and Relief Sumner,' in Boston, on the 6th of January 1811.

The Sumner family is of English origin, and in its fulness of duty to the nation gave to the last generation two worthy brothers, who were respectively Bishop of Winchester and Archbishop of Canterbury.

The name, Mr. Pierce daringly tells us, undeterred by the sinister immortality of the Sompnour of the *Canterbury Tales*, was at first Summoner or Somner—the title of officers whose duty it was to summon parties into courts, especially ecclesiastical courts. The ancestor from whom in the seventh generation Mr. Sumner descended was a native of Bicester in Oxfordshire, whence he emigrated about 1635, with his wife and three sons, to Dorchester, Massachusetts, and became the founder of an American family now widely spread. The ancestry of Mr. Sumner is illustrated by a succession of worthy and useful soldiers and citizens; and his father, who was a distinguished student and graduate of Harvard College (1792-96), and afterwards devoted himself to law and politics, was a prominent defender of Mr. Jefferson's administration, and an influential member of the Republican or Democratic party. Later still, as Sheriff Sumner, he was known for his varied energy and philanthropy. His more distinguished son, Charles Sumner, after qualifying himself by preliminary training, proceeded in August 1821 to the Boston Latin School, the exten-

sive classical course of which extended over a period of five years. Here he gained several honours, and acquired a reputation for learning of the more recondite order; and he quitted the school to pursue his studies as a freshman in Harvard College on the 1st September 1826. His memory was good and *sympathetic*: 'he stood amongst the first in forensics, and in history and *belles lettres* he was also amongst the foremost;' but 'he entirely failed in mathematics.' He affected greatly the old English authors; his life was irreproachable; and he seems to have made himself obnoxious to college discipline no further than for the half-jocular breach of a sumptuary law which prescribed the proper colours of a student's waistcoat. He generally confined his athletic exercises to those of the intellectual arena; but he was habituated to endurance by travel and foot excursions, during which he minutely observed everything as he went—farms, fences; crops, style of buildings, landscapes, canals, and trade. After his graduation in 1830 he passed a year at his father's house in private and rather desultory study; and then, September 1st, 1831, joined the Law School of Harvard University, at the head of which was Mr. Justice Story, the author of the celebrated treatise entitled the *Conflict of Laws*, whose character as jurist and teacher, whose immense learning, copious speech, and great enthusiasm have been often commemorated. Judge Story became his friend, and predicted the future distinction and success of Mr. Sumner, who now began to write on professional subjects in legal journals; and having been admitted to the bar in 1834 presently found himself in possession of a satisfactory and increasing practice. In January

1835 he began to give instruction in the Law School in the place of Judge Story, who was absent at Washington on official duty, and who about this time appointed Sumner reporter of his opinions in the Circuit Court. He also assisted Professor Greenleaf in preparing the General Digest of his *Reports of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of Maine*, and prepared the indexes to the two volumes of Story's *Equity Jurisprudence*. In the midst of professional, political, literary, and social activity he determined to visit the Old World, where he had already secured many friends in advance by correspondence. He left America in December 1837, armed with introductions to many persons of distinction in rank, law, and literature.

'His purpose differed from that of an ordinary tourist, who seeks only relaxation from business, relief from the *ennui* of an idle life, and a view, grateful to the eye, of scenery, costumes, galleries, spectacles. He desired to see society in all its forms; to converse with men of all characters and representatives of all professions; to study institutions and laws, and to acquaint himself with courts and parliaments. He had read many books, and wished to see the men who wrote them, and the men whose deeds they commemorated. The poem, the speech, the history, the judicial opinion, and the treatise would, he felt, after such communion, charm with a new interest or light up with a clearer intelligence. He had read foreign law, and he aspired to comprehend fully its doctrines and spirit by attending its schools and observing its administration, with the view of using such knowledge in efforts to improve our own. To his cherished ideal—the *jurist*, whether serving as lawyer, judge, or teacher—he had been loyal as well in practice as when a student; and it was his purpose, after the further studies and wider observations abroad which he deemed essential to its attainment, to return to his profession better equipped for all its duties. He craved the faculty of reading and speaking foreign languages, and sought the opportunity of learning them, not merely from the drill of professional teachers, but as well from the lips of those whose words, written or spoken, had taught mankind.

He had not striven for social consideration at home, and had no expecta-

tion of that which awaited him abroad. But for a tour of the kind which he had in mind letters of introduction were essential; and like Milton two centuries before, he had friends to supply them who were not less kindly than those now best remembered for their good offices to the pilgrim poet.

Mr. Davis commended him to Earl Fitzwilliam and Lord Jeffrey, both having volunteered to receive any of his friends whom he might be pleased to introduce to them, and also to Lord Denman and others, with whom he was on less familiar terms. Mr. Rand gave him letters to Lord Denman, Baron Parke, and Solicitor-General Rolfe; Judge Story to Mr. Justice Vaughan and John Stuart Wortley; John Neal to Mrs. Sarah Austin; Washington Allston to Wordsworth; Ralph Waldo Emerson to Carlyle; Professor Parker Cleaveland, of Bowdoin College, to Sir David Brewster; Dr. Channing to the Baron de Gérando. Dr. Lieber did his utmost to make his journey agreeable at the time and permanently improving, warmly certifying of his character and acquisitions to continental jurists and *savants*,—notably Mittermaier and the younger Thibaut, as well as to his English friends. Such letters are keys useful for opening doors: but there, as many by experience know, their service ends; after that, he who bears them must, by his manners and gifts, vindicate his title to continued hospitality.

On the 28th of December Mr. Sumner arrived at Havre, where he found 'antiquity staring at him from every side;' and he reached Paris before the end of the year. Here he made it his business to acquaint himself with the schools and the courts of law, and every variety of legal procedure; but that he did not allow these entirely to absorb him is to be inferred from the following entry in his diary, under date January 12, 1838:

'This evening went to the Théâtre Odéon to see Molière's *Les Femmes Savantes*, and Mademoiselle Mars in the part of Henriette; and the evening was a feast. I had previously prepared myself by reading the play, and I also carried a copy with me, by means of which I followed the actors easily through the whole of this brilliant production. Mars is now nearly sixty, and yet she had the appearance of thirty. Her voice was clear as silver and exquisitely modulated, and her movements on the stage thoroughly graceful. I have seen no performance, by any actor, which was so eminently pretty and graceful as that of this evening by

Mars: the part did not call out those stronger traits which she is said to possess. The poetry of Molière fell from her lips with honeyed accents, and all the players did well; there was nothing bad. After this play, Mars appeared in a pretty little piece called *Le Château de ma Nièce*. The theatre of the Odéon is situated in the region of the students, and the *parterre* or pit was, of course, crowded with these. They ranged from the ages of sixteen or seventeen to twenty-one or twenty-two, and like American students were noisy and uproarious, crying to the orchestra for the Marseilles Hymn, &c. While looking at them ranged in rows in the pit, I might have mistaken them for Cantabs, if the sounds of French from all quarters, penetrating my ear, had not keenly reminded me that I was not in my own country. Mademoiselle Mars was, I should think, rather under the common height, and of a neat and beautiful figure. Her eyes were brilliant; and her teeth, hair, and bust all good,—though nobody can tell what of these is the gift of God, or of the dentist or milliner. The theatre of the Odéon is very pretty.'

Some entries in the same diary are, however, more serious. For example:

'January 16 (Tuesday). To-day I enjoyed a treat at the Sorbonne and at the College of France. I heard at the former Jouffroy, well known through the world for his writings on philosophy and international law; and at the latter Lerminier, a man of different character, but of considerable celebrity as an author, and great popularity as a lecturer. Jouffroy is now a distinguished member of the Chamber of Deputies, and during the last week made an able speech in that body. He lectured in the same room in which I had already heard Lemoine and Fauriel. The room was crowded before he entered with young and old, who appeared to be watching eagerly for his appearance, and who broke into applause when he was seen advancing to the desk. He was tall, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, and appeared to be about forty-five or forty-eight years old. His hair was thin, and was suffered to grow long on the back of his head, so as to cover the collar of his coat. His eye was mild but striking; and, together with the pallid countenance, showed the student. Like all the professors, he sat while lecturing. He had neither volume nor notes of any kind before him. His subject was generally philosophy, and to-day he was presenting a tableau of the principal faculties of the human mind. So far as I could understand him, with my poor French ear, he presented a beautiful view of the subject. His language was close and precise, and yet fluent, elegant, and animated. His voice was soft and well managed; his gestures frequent and graceful. His own

interest in the subject seemed to be great. When he closed there was considerable applause. I have seldom, if ever, heard a lecturer who pleased me more than Jouffroy.

Other sketches of professors, philosophers, and *littérateurs* follow, all of which are put aside in order to give prominence to one of Victor Cousin, whose writings on morals and metaphysics have been studied in all civilised countries :

'March 9, 1838. Assisted about law-papers; called on M. Erard, who invited me to dine with him on Sunday next. Visited Foelix, and examined his library; with most of the books on French law I am already more or less acquainted. Next tried to find Tocqueville, but he has left the city; returned to my room, and was in *deshabille*, preparing to go out to dine with a French lawyer, when my door opened, and a gentleman in black, of about the middle size, rather thin, with sharp black eyes, black hair brushed smoothly, entered the room. He announced himself as M. Cousin. I offered him a chair, and he was good enough to sit with me for more than an hour. He inquired after Mr. Henry, Mr. Ripley, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Bancroft, but particularly Mr. Brownson; of the latter he spoke as a man of a great deal of talent, and indeed as a most remarkable person. He had received the *brochure* of Mr. Brownson, lately published. Mr. Ripley he described as a man of talent and great activity of mind; Mr. Brooks as a man of enthusiasm; and Mr. Henry as a person he hoped would soon be established in another professorship. His interest in Mr. Brownson appears to be unfeignedly great. I mentioned Dr. Channing's name, and he simply said, in his measured manner, "*C'est un homme bien respectable.*" He spoke at considerable length of his interest in the subject of education, and I cannot but confess that he was eloquent beyond most men whom I have met. He avowed his entire devotion to this cause, and his faith in its paramount importance; that other causes admitted, perhaps, of two sides; that this did not; that it was one in support of which all persons could unite. It might be otherwise, he said, with slavery. He did not wish office from Government, he said; but simply to devote himself to the great cause of education. In avowing this dedication of his life he used language as elevated as the sentiment itself. He appeared very well informed with regard to the United States, and even with regard to the present proceedings in Massachusetts on the subject. I described to him Mann's labours and character; he seemed grateful to hear of them, and asked particularly about Mr. Mann. He spoke

of his own recent work on Holland, which he seemed very much to desire might reach the United States; he added that there was a vast similarity between the institutions of the United States and those of Holland. His manner of conversation was ardent, almost burning, with a great deal of emphasis and a loud voice; his sentences, nevertheless, were quite measured. He does not speak English. He did not appear amiable; and, though he spent upwards of an hour with me, his countenance and manner did not once assume an appearance of liveliness and gaiety; it was sombreness that prevailed throughout. I must add that, though he stands high at present, being a peer of France and a man of great talents, he does not appear to be a favourite with any party; it is surmised that he is selfish and loves money. He told me that his translation of Plato had proceeded to the eleventh volume which was already published, and that he was now engaged upon the twelfth. He concluded his visit by inviting me to visit him at his "cabin" at the Sorbonne.'

Mr. Sumner left Paris for London on May 29, 1838, having remained nearly two months longer than he had intended before leaving home. As he himself states in his letters and journal, he left much unseen, and regretted that he could not prolong his sojourn, particularly with the view of conversing with eminent French jurists. He had, however, accomplished what he most desired. He was able to speak the French language, and through it to come into personal relations with educated Europeans of whatever country.

'Sumner arrived in London on the evening of May 31, and remained in England nearly ten months. He came by the way of the Thames, and was a guest temporarily at the Tavistock Inn, Covent Garden. He soon took permanent lodgings at 2 Vigo-street, near Charing Cross and the Strand, and within ten minutes' walk of Westminster Hall and the Abbey. Leaving cards with Earl Fitzwilliam, John Stuart Wortley, and Mr. Justice Vaughan, he soon found himself embarrassed by conflicting invitations, and his time taken up by society. He was admitted as foreign visitor—a qualified membership—to four clubs: the Garrick, Alfred, Travellers', and Athenæum. He was present in court dress at the coronation of Queen Victoria in the Abbey, receiving the courtesy of two tickets,—one from Lord Lansdowne and

the other from Sir Charles Vaughan. He attended the sessions of the courts and the debates in Parliament, reserving till the London season was over the remarkable sights,—the Tower, Tunnel, British Museum, and Abbey. He sat on the bench at Westminster Hall, and dined with the judges at the Old Bailey, where he spoke at the call of the Lord Mayor. Following the plan of his journey, he observed with the keenest interest "men, society, courts, and Parliament."

Having been invited to many country seats, he was well provided with facilities for visiting different parts of England, as also of Scotland and Ireland. He left London, July 24, to attend, by invitation of the judges, the circuits, and to visit places of interest on the way. His route was from London to Guilford, where Lord Denman was holding the Home Circuit, Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, and Bodmin in Cornwall, where the Western Circuit was then in session, and where, with Wilde and Follett, he was the guest of the bar; then to Plymouth in the carriage of Crowder, Queen's counsel, afterwards judge; to Combe Florey, where he was for two days the guest of Sydney Smith; to Wells, where he met the Western Circuit again, Bristol and Cheltenham; to Chester, where Mr. Justice Vaughan, then holding court, called him to his side upon the bench; and reaching Liverpool Aug. 11, during the Northern Circuit, where he met with the same courtesy from Baron Alderson. He dined with the bar and the court, and responded to toasts at Bodmin, and more at length at Liverpool. To Judge Story he wrote, Aug. 18: "Never did I enjoy so much happiness as has been my lot within the last few weeks. I have had a constant succession of kindnesses and attentions of the most gratifying character." To Mr. Davis he wrote, Sept. 2: "At times I was honoured with a seat on the bench by the side of the judge, and at times I mingled with the barristers. I have made myself master of English practice and English circuit-life. I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of the heartiness and cordiality which pervade all the English bar. They are truly a band of brothers, and I have been received among them as one of them."

While in London, or journeying in other parts of the British Islands, he mingled with the best society. His associations were not confined to any one set, but embraced persons widely divergent in professional callings, politics, tone of thought, and rank,—judges, lawyers, and divines; scholars eminent in literature, metaphysics, and science; titled persons who combined good breeding and intelligence; statesmen, Whig, Tory, and Radical, some of whom were aged, and full of reminiscences of great orators; women, whose learning, cleverness, or grace enriched the thought and embellished the society of their day. He was

received as a guest, sometimes with the familiarity of a kinsman, into the houses of Denman, Vaughan, Parke, Alderson, Langdale, and Coltman, among judges; of Follett, Rolfe (Lord Cranworth), Wilde, Crowder, Lushington, and D'Oyly, among lawyers; of Hayward, Adolphus, Clark, Bingham, Wills, Theobald, Starkie, and Professor Bell, among law-writers and reporters; of Hallam, Parkes, Senior, Grote, Jeffrey, Murray, Carlyle, Rogers, Talfourd, Whewell, and Babbage, among men of learning, culture, and science; of Maltby, Milman, and Sydney Smith, among divines; of Robert Ingham, John Kenyon, Monkton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Basil Montagu, and Chas. Vaughan, among genial friends who wrote or loved good books; of Brougham, Durham, Inglis, Cornwall Lewis, Campbell, Labouchere, Hume, and Roebuck, among statesmen and parliamentary chiefs; of Fitzwilliam, Lansdowne, Wharnccliffe (and his son, John Stuart Wortley), Leicester, Holland, Carlisle (and his son, Lord Morpeth), among noblemen. He met on a familiar footing Charles Austin, Macaulay, Landor, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Campbell, and Theodore Hook. He talked with Wordsworth at his home, and looked with him on the landscapes which had inspired his verse. Among women to whose society he was admitted were the Duchesses of Sutherland, Mrs. Montagu, Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Sarah Austin, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Shelley, Mrs. Marcet, Mrs. Grote, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Norton, and Lady Blessington. With some of these persons the acquaintance was only temporary; with others there followed a correspondence more or less frequent, and a renewal of intercourse in later visits to Europe; and there were those, like Lord Morpeth, Robert Ingham, Joseph Parkes, and Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, with whom a lifelong friendship was established.

The following extracts are from letters written respectively to Professor Simon Greenleaf, Cambridge, July 1, and to Judge Story, July 23, 1838. Law, we have said, was with Sumner a love and a life, and he rejoices in every sign of the dignity and the purity of his profession.

"I know nothing that has given me greater pleasure than the elevated character of the profession as I find it, and the relation of comity and brotherhood between the bench and the bar. The latter are really the friends and helpers of the judges. Good-will, graciousness, and good manners prevail constantly. And then the duties of the bar are of the most elevated character. I do not regret that my lines have been cast in the places



where they are; but I cannot disguise the feeling akin to envy with which I regard the noble position of the English barrister, with the intervention of the attorney to protect him from the feelings and prejudices of his client, and with a code of professional morals which makes his daily duties a career of the most honourable employment. Grateful I am that I am an American; for I would not give up the priceless institutions of my country (abused and perverted as they are), the purity of morals in society, and the universal competence which prevails, in exchange for all that I have seen abroad; but still I see many things in other countries which I should be glad to have adopted among us. Let us then not sigh that we are not Europeans, but cling to our own institutions and model of society, and endeavour to engraft upon it all that is good and fitting in other countries. Such infamous professional sentiments as I have heard avowed by lawyers at our bar, and by a man like ———, would bring a brand upon an English lawyer as bad as Cain's.

'I have alluded to the familiarity between the bench and the bar. I am assured that the judges always address barristers, even on a first introduction, without the prefix of "Mr.;" and that a junior would feel aggrieved by the formality if his senior should address him as "Mr.'" This same freedom I have observed between members of the House of Commons, and Peers. Indeed, wherever I meet persons who are at all acquainted, I never hear any *title*,—which is not a little singular in this country of titles.'

Mr. Sumner describes Mr. Roebuck as being 'young, ardent, ambitious, and full of great things; accomplished and Republican.' 'Dr. Lardner seems a coxcomb and pertinacious fellow.' Of Wordsworth he writes, 'I felt that I was conversing with a superior being; yet I was entirely at my ease.' His visit to Brougham Hall resulted in feelings severally of disillusion and reverence for Lord Brougham and his mother. Early in September he passed a day or two at the rectory of Archdeacon Scott, at Whitfield—a friend of Horne Tooke and Parr—which he left one rainy morning on horseback to 'spatter over the moors and valleys of Northumberland.' By and by he changed his mode of progression for an open gig, and 'at three

o'clock drove into the courtyard—all surrounded by battlements—of Brougham Hall.'

'I was thoroughly wet, and covered with mud. On my mentioning my situation to his lordship, who kindly received me in the hall, he himself at once showed me to my bedroom, where I enjoyed the comfort of a complete change of dress. After I came down-stairs, he left me in the library, and went about writing letters, which were to leave by the mail before dinner. He wrote more than the number which he could frank—that is, ten—and at six o'clock was in the library dressed for dinner. The only person besides myself was an old familiar friend, a clergyman (who brought with him as a present to the ex-chancellor a bottle of rum upwards of fifty years old), though Lord Chief Justice Tindal and Lord Moncreiff (the latter the great Scotch judge and lawyer) were expected. The truly venerable and interesting mother of his lordship—now eighty-six years old—was in the dining-room when we entered, and presided at the table. Never did I see a person who bore her years so well. She seemed a fit mother for a distinguished son. Her manners were easy and even graceful, with very little of the constraint of age. She refused my proffered assistance in helping the soup, though she afterwards condescended to allow me to mangle a partridge. She is tall, has sharp features and an aquiline nose. Her countenance is much more refined and intellectual than her son's. You doubtless know that she is the niece of the historian Robertson. Lady Brougham and her daughter are at a watering-place at the south. During the dinner his lordship was constant in his attentions to his mother, addressing her as "Mother," and urging her to eat of particular dishes. I heard Mrs. Brougham address her son as "Lord Brougham." I could hardly make up my mind and my tongue to address this venerable woman as "Mrs. Brougham," which is all that belongs to her, and then speak to her son as "My lord." At table the conversation turned on light matters,—the great scarcity of game, the merits of some old Madeira (the gift of Cutlar Fergusson), of a black cock (the gift of Lord Anglesey), and of the rum (the valuable contribution of the clergyman). Besides these there was a variety of topics arising from familiarity with the parson, and reminiscences of common acquaintances. Mrs. Brougham retired very soon after the cloth was removed. His lordship took very little wine, less than I have seen any gentleman take at the head of his table in England; but if he have not that vice, which has been attributed to him,—and I fully believe that he has it not,—he has another which is, perhaps, as bad; certainly it is bad and vulgar beyond expression,—I mean *sneering*. I have dined in company nearly every day since I have

been in England, and I do not remember to have met a person who swore half so much as Lord Brougham;—and all this in conversation with an aged clergyman! His manner was rapid, hurried, and his voice very loud. He seemed uneasy and restless; and, of course, made me feel the same. His language, as you may well suppose, was vigorous and to the point. He told some capital stories of King William, from which I should infer, notwithstanding all the reports to the contrary, that he was on good terms with that monarch.

We have interesting records of Mr. Sumner's reception by Lord Advocate Murray at Strachur Park; by Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth House, and subsequently at Milton Park; at Holkham House, by the venerable Earl of Leicester. After which, to pass by several of almost equal claims to mention, we find him, early in November, busy and observant in frequenting the courts of Westminster Hall. Once back in London, Mr. Sumner began the renewal and enlargement of his acquaintance with the bench, the bar, and society in general; and for scores of pages his letters are occupied with piquant, elegant, and, so to say, prismatic gossip and analysis of character, almost any sentence of which has an equal claim to quotation with any other. In the course of all his experience of England at this time we are puzzled as to which party should be awarded the palm of greater honour—to the ancient nation, whose good offices were as freely proffered as if Sumner had been in a position to demand the *hospitium* of all and singular of the British people; or to the young stranger, whose happy *forte* it was to compel such consideration from persons, some of whom had been known to suffer from the dashes made at English life with too free a pencil by former travellers of Mr. Sumner's nationality.

With a heart 'bursting' with regret at leaving England, yet full

and beating fervently with gratitude for the kindness manifested towards him, Mr. Sumner crossed the Channel on the night of March 22, 1839, and renewed in Paris his intermittent acquaintance with various celebrated persons. In the latter part of April he set out for Italy, where he spent the months between May and September, although, as he used to tell Lord Morpeth, he had, *more Americano*, found his *Italy*, his land of romance, classicism, and antiquity, in England. Even in the inner circles of the Italian art-world, as exemplified in the studios and museums of Rome and other cities, he experienced a feeling rather of historic wonder and satisfaction than of critical liveliness or æsthetic appreciation. An ancient bust of Augustus, for instance, was not so much the triumph of the sculptor, as the suggestive petrification of the lineaments of 'Octavius—the Emperor, the father of his country, the Augustus of history.' Yet his developing taste led him to admire the earlier achievements of Hiram Powers, known in England for his 'Greek Slave'; and he helped to initiate the fortunes and the celebrity of Mr. Crawford, an American sculptor, with whom he came into friendly relations at Rome. This kind of help, indeed, was perfectly in harmony with those patriotic as well as personal sympathies, which made him anxious everywhere in Europe to extend and consolidate the reputation of his friends and their literary works—Story the jurist, Longfellow the poet, and Prescott the historian.

Leaving Milan Oct. 6, Sumner reached Santa Maria at midnight, bade farewell to Italy the next morning at sunrise, as he stood on the frontier line, and reached Innsbruck on the morning of the 9th. After a week at Munich he went to Passau, thence in a small boat down the Danube to Linz, and by carriage from Linz to Vienna, where he arrived on the

23th. Here he remained a month, in the course of which he was received by Prince Metternich in his *salon*. Thence, after brief pauses at Prague, Dresden, and Leipsic, he visited Berlin, where he remained five weeks. Here he saw much of society, and conversed with the celebrated *savans* Humboldt, Savigny, Ranke, and Raumer. Mr. Wheaton, the American Minister, was absent from his post, but Sumner formed a lasting friendship with the Secretary of Legation, Theodore S. Fay. . . .

Leaving Berlin January 9, 1840, he went by the way of Leipsic, Weimar, Gotha, and Frankfort to Heidelberg, where he remained five weeks, enjoying the society of its celebrated professors, particularly of Mittermaier, who awaited with much interest his arrival. With Thibaut, then near his end, he discussed, as with Savigny at Berlin, the codification of the law. Here, as elsewhere in Germany, he studied with great earnestness the language of the country. . . .

He had consumed so much time in his journeys that he was obliged to forego a visit to Dr. Julius at Hamburg, who had followed him with urgent letters of invitation; and from Heidelberg he went to the Rhine, thence to Cologne, Brussels, and Antwerp, and crossed to London, where he arrived March 17, after a year's absence from England. His letters from Germany (and the remark is true also of his letters from Italy) are a less complete record of his life abroad than those which he wrote from England and France. He was so soon to be at home that he reserved the details of the latter part of his journey for conversations with his friends. . . .

His friends at home began to feel that it would be unwise for him to prolong his absence, and advised him not to tarry in England on his way home.

Mr. Sumner sailed from Portsmouth April 4, 1840, for America, having Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell and N. P. Willis for fellow-passengers, and arrived at New York on Sunday, May 3, the voyage having been made in the *Wellington*, a sailing vessel. Professional work awaited him at Boston as soon as he was ready to resume it, in the course of which he was interested in the conduct of many important cases. His celebrity as a lawyer, advocate, and writer on legal questions steadily grew from year to year, until his forensic activity was thrown into the shade by the leading part which presently devolved upon him as a

politician. His entrance into public life may be said emphatically to have begun with his delivery, July 4, 1845, of a speech before the municipal authorities of Boston, on the 'True Grandeur of Nations,' in which he avowed himself an advocate of peace. It is at this crisis of his life that Mr. Pierce for the present takes leave of him; and it is from his pen that we adopt a passage which, occurring comparatively early in the second of the volumes before us, is really retrospective of the whole of Sumner's career, especially of the attitude of mind and the dispositions which he habitually assumed and cherished towards this country.

Writing of Mr. Sumner's departure from Portsmouth in April 1840, at the conclusion of his first visit, Mr. Pierce thus delivers himself:

'He left England with a heart full of gratitude for all he had enjoyed among her people. Without blindly approving her institutions and customs, he had seen much in her older society which he hoped would yet be realised in our newer and less cultured life. In his youth he loved the country where he had passed such happy days, and he never after loved her less. Next to the freedom of the African race, no political object was ever so constant with him as perpetual peace between England and the United States. There came a time when in the discharge of his duty, as he understood it, he set forth in strong language her failure to deal justly with us in our conflict with a pro-slavery rebellion. He spoke then with the profound conviction that lasting peace between the two nations, and also the wider interests of civilisation, required an end of the controversy; and that, as the first step towards a complete settlement, the English people should be brought by an emphatic statement to realise the full justice and import of our case: but his regard for them and his interest in their welfare were as lively then as in his youth. On his fourth and final visit to Europe, a third of a century after the first, he passed the last night, before sailing on his return, with John Bright at Rochdale, when he spoke with admiration of England, and of her public men, and with much tenderness of the many friends he counted among her well-known names.'

‘LOVE’S DREAMLAND.’

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TRANCED slumbers weighing  
Languor-lidded eyes,  
Silken curtains swaying  
Soft as Zephyr’s sighs ;  
Golden sun-rays dancing  
Over gleaming curls,  
Straying glories glancing  
Over orient pearls.

Heavy lashes sweeping  
Dusk of downy cheek,  
Eyes too bright for weeping  
Closed in happy sleep ;  
Dreams, with dreamland’s glamour  
Over visions sweet :  
Thus through warful clamour  
Love and longing meet.

Weary days of waiting,  
Weary nights of pain,  
From his absence dating,  
Chill her heart again ;  
Fresh with morning’s waking,  
Sad as evening’s chill,  
Every gladness taking  
From her failing will.

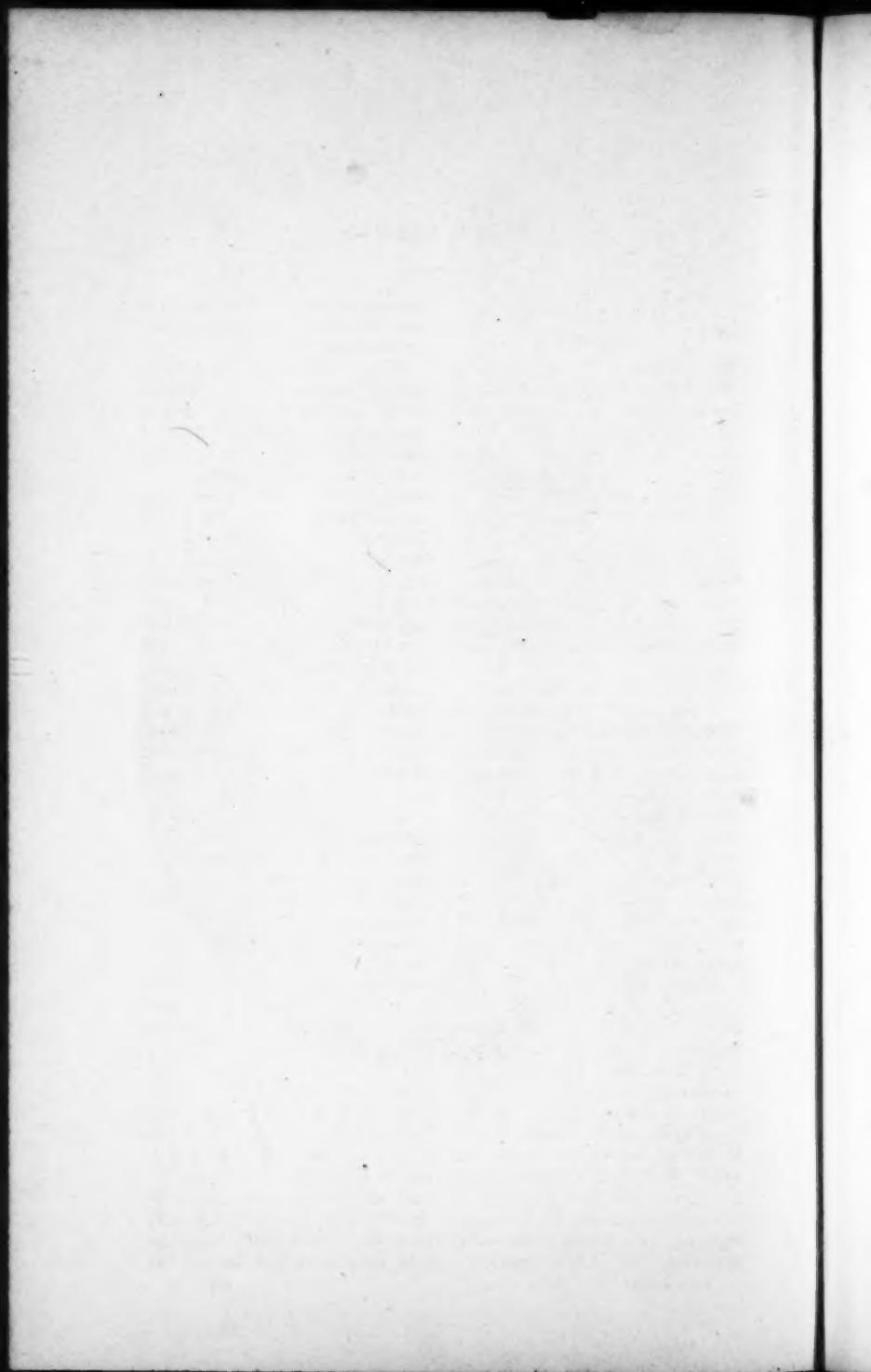
Slowly hope is dying  
From that loving breast ;  
Love is naught but sighing  
For its vanished rest.  
Only war and glory  
Claim her lover now ;  
Only pain and sorrow  
Stamp her aching brow !

Only dreams may bring her  
To her lover’s side ;  
Only visions wing her  
To his heart, a bride ;  
Only thus in seeming  
Can her heart forget,  
Hushed in happy dreaming,  
He is absent yet.

RITA.



LOVE'S DREAMLAND.  
See the Verses.





## PROUD MAISIE.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### DARKNESS.

THE storm had very slightly abated when I started on my walk home. But this time I felt neither fatigue nor chill. The pandemonium of the elements was mere sport and derision to the anarchy within me.

I fought my way back at last, reaching the house barely in time to escape the wildest paroxysm of tempest that had yet burst—a squall whose vehemence would have felled the trees around Boregate, had there been any less tough than dwarf oaks, and that played fast and loose with the tiles.

I was met at home by another storm of reproaches, not undeserved, for my prolonged absence. It was very late, and my family were beginning to get frightened, and to talk of sending out in search of me. The twins, in particular, ridiculed me for tramping about thus, with bad weather accompaniments, as if in emulation of the Wandering Jew. I felt I must seem to them like a mad creature, and all the more for my unfeigned indifference to outward discomfort. However, I had brought what their hearts were hankering after, the newspaper, with the latest details of the interesting trial, which became forthwith the absorbing topic for the remainder of the evening. I swallowed my dinner with an effort, and then seated myself apart by the window, listening to the gale and the breakers disputing, as it were, which could make the most noise, and to occasional

guns from ships in distress out at sea. It was all apt music for my meditations.

They were broken and restless, indeed. Foremost, as my imagination flew to Selsden, was a reminiscence of certain flashes of terror I had seen in Hilda's face as she talked of her husband. It pleased me. 'You hoped you had married a man after your own likeness,' I mused, 'one who neither believed in truth, nor faith, nor love's worth, nor cared for them—only for appearance. You found out your mistake soon. What you took for a light fiction turns out a hard reality. The mask you bargained for is no such thing. Take care. He loved you, as you know. So much the worse. That is why you fear him now. What would become of you, I wonder, if he knew all?'

But he never will. Already the danger for her is tided over. She has long ago reached home, burnt her note, rested and composed herself after her wild ride, ordered tea, and by this time is quite ready to meet Jasper when he returns. Another hour or two and he will be there, and find all as he left it. No presage or portent will warn him that there is ghastly treachery about. This for the present; thence follows a sad, sober, inevitable future.

Leopold, Lord Meredith, will learn wisdom—some men do, as if by magic, at the stroke of fortune. He will keep aloof, let the new and all-powerful link now drawing him nearer to his wife rivet him firmly, safe from the fatal temptation that had all but

made the breach everlasting. Away from Hilda, he and Sophie will learn to bear with each other, and agree to forget the past.

Away from Leopold, Hilda will never lose regard for her reputation and interest so far as to give occasion for grave scandal. She will submit to the force of things; begin to be glad in time that a chance event stopped her from making a desperate, irretrievable sacrifice to the single human being who had ever succeeded in making her forget herself for a moment; look well at the cards of pleasure that remain in her hand, and play them cunningly and cleverly. There is always vanity to live for.

So Jasper's honour is safe, and his fate is sealed.

Ten o'clock. The storm, after the grand explosion, had subsided somewhat again, though the wind still roared, and sent the rain pelt-ing till it oozed through the closed windows. Suddenly there came a loud knock at the street-door. I sprang up.

'Maisie, you're black in the face,' drawled Claude critically; 'didn't I tell you you'd have bronchitis?'

The servant came in with a message that there was somebody in the hall who wished to speak to my mother. She went down, but returned almost instantly, looking scared and horrified, and hesitating to speak.

'It is Hilda,' said I, turning to her abruptly; 'what does she want of me now?'

My mother stared at me aghast, as if I were something unearthly, uncanny. 'How could you know?' she began confusedly. 'Maisie, Maisie, there has been an accident. I cannot make out exactly how bad it is, but she is hurt; and they say they think she would like to have you, and they have

sent the carriage. Don't be frightened!'

I shook my head—I was past being frightened, for that day. I went down-stairs, and found one of the Selsden servants in the hall and the Selsden carriage at the door.

Mrs. Gerard, I was told, riding home, had had a fall from her horse at the curve of the hill, not far from the garden-gate. The gale had been at its highest at that moment, and the animal had, it was supposed, taken fright at the crash of a falling elm, started, stumbled, and thrown her.

The servants, already alarmed by her non-appearance, were gathered waiting and listening for her at the hall-door, when they heard the fall of the tree, the horse's stumble, and a scream, which brought them rushing to the spot.

Hilda had been taken up and carried into the house senseless. A messenger had been sent off at once to F—— for a doctor. That was more than an hour ago. She did not seem to recover consciousness, though she had spoken several times inarticulately, and all they could distinguish was my name repeated again and again. The bewildered servants, in the agonies of responsibility, accustomed to wait upon every word and beck of their mistress, and restless, as people always are in a terrible emergency, to take *some* step, however useless, had sent off the carriage to Boregate, with this petition to me to come over. There was no one else to send to. The Bellairs family happened to be away for the week. They had been telegraphed for, but could not arrive till the next day.

'Has Mr. Gerard returned?' I asked of the servant.

'He had not when I left.'

I said I would come, and started

in the carriage for Selsden. I would not suffer myself to speculate on the way *why* Hilda wanted me, or what service I should have to render, or refuse to render, her now,—I was glad of it afterwards. In an hour I was there.

The doctor came out to meet me in the passage leading to Hilda's room. I knew him, as he had attended the twins through many childish epidemics.

'We are doing what we can,' was all he would say to me. The rest, I saw, I must forbear to ask. I followed him into Hilda's room, where she lay perfectly unconscious and in a quiet stupor. The servants were so panic-struck, that they seemed to have entirely lost their heads, and were even incapable of properly executing the doctor's orders. He welcomed my arrival, and showed me how to make myself useful at once. But neither nursing nor skill would be of any avail here.

Half an hour had passed. She never spoke nor moved. I did for her all I was told automatically. Thought in me was stopped, feeling was stopped, past and future were annihilated. These things can be, when we feel the shadow of death in the room with us.

At last the distant sound of wheels announced Jasper's return. Who would see him? Who break the news to him? I looked up at the doctor, and saw from his countenance that he winced from the task.

'Is there no hope whatever of saving her life?' I asked.

'None.'

Then let Jasper learn it as he may. It matters so little how. The end is one. I sank my head in my hands and listened. My ears, sharpened by the nervous strain, heard a carriage come up the drive; then, for the door of Hilda's

room was open, Jasper's step in the hall, and the voice of one of the servants, an old man who had belonged to the Priory, and was immensely attached to his master. As well the news should come through him as another.

'Mrs. Gerard, sir,' he began, in a tremulous, rambling way, 'went riding this afternoon rather late, and—' He dared not speak out; paused, hesitated, stammered, procrastinating. 'Here is a note which I find she left for you, sir, in case you should return early before her, but—but—'

Fool and blunderer! I rose in a moment, with a sudden glance at Hilda, and a mad feeling that, however far away she might be, some consciousness must wake in her now. Quick as thought I flew down the staircase, and met Jasper in the hall. He held the letter in his hand, and I saw from his face that he had read it.

The servant on perceiving me coming had retreated quickly, only too willing to be relieved of his painful errand. Jasper raised his eyes, and saw me alone.

'Maisie Noel,' he uttered, in a voice I should never have recognised as his. I had to force myself to speak now.

'Hilda, returning from her ride, has had a fall on the hill, close by the garden-gate—' Would not my voice say the rest?

His countenance had not changed. All the hate and contempt from which Hilda had recoiled were there. God be thanked that vengeance was not his!

'No one can harm nor help her now,' said I slowly. 'She will die, she will die; and dead, all her love and her hatred perish together with her.'

'Will you not go to her?' I said presently; 'she might awake and know you. Your mind

and hers might meet; it will be for the last time.'

He went. I stayed below, waiting for my head to throb, my heart to beat, less madly than during these last moments, moments into which the quintessence of years was compressed.

I wished now to leave. The carriage was brought round, and I drove home in the darkness and the storm, which, seeming now to have spent its fury, was falling slowly, as if sheerly unable to rage any more.

Death and grief are sacred. None will remember her now, and condemn. So be it. Shade your eyes as you pass, and forbear. And for him, ask not too closely what kind of heart-burning it is that keeps tears far from the eyes; but instead leaves an ineffaceable brand of sternness on the brow, and everlasting scorn for her, and himself who could love her, on the lip. Let God and the right be judge between him and her. Only one hand on earth can wipe out their score—Death—and it has done so to-night.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### UNDER THE CHESTNUTS.

SPRING-TIME again, but not to all of us. It seems as though when once king Death visits any particular circle he can rarely content himself with taking a single prisoner. The long winter months had been months of trial and trouble to Eva. Mr. Severn had become a confirmed invalid, and, after a tedious, protracted illness, of a kind that from the first precluded all hope of recovery, he died in March. Then Eva, worn and overstrained by the prolonged and sedulous attendance on her uncle, the instant the spur of

necessity was removed, gave way herself, falling so out of health as to cause some uneasiness on her account, for a time.

I went to Westburn, and stayed with her. For the next month my physical and mental energies were entirely taken up by the happily straightforward and absorbing occupation of nursing.

Eva will get well, however, and outgrow her grief for this loss. Her uncle had never become part and parcel of her individual existence, and, though she was terribly distressed by his death, her feeling for him during his life had rather been one of gratitude and friendly esteem than of personal affection. Dead, he became actively endeared to her, however, and lived on in her remembrance only as the most perfect of men. His loss also left her alone in the world; but she was used to solitude, and less dependent on family ties for happiness than most women. By Mr. Severn's will she was now mistress of the house at Westburn and of a small income. She would have thought me heartless, could she have seen me already looking forward to the future, when she will have recovered both health and spirits, and, queen of her tiny domain, pursue her artist's career unchecked by worries or conflicting duties, and lead a freer and more ideal life than she has been able to approach hitherto.

Already she was so much better, though still weak and languid, that I, not now entirely engrossed with the practical details of nursing, could no longer keep my thoughts from straying beyond the precincts of the sick-room. Other voices would wrest away my attention, voices I had forced to be silent till now. After a week Eva will need me no longer. By that time my own life and fortunes will be decided.

I was thinking over these things as I sat in her room one April afternoon. The sun shone brightly, piercing through the drawn blinds. Eva lay resting on the sofa, with closed eyes. I had placed myself out of sight behind her, and was looking through a packet of letters, all received within the last three days.

Number one was from home. Four pages crossed to say that everybody was well, and that there was really nothing to say. That missive did not detain me many minutes.

Number two was from Sophie—Lady Meredith—long and confidential. The upshot of it was that she was beginning to live down her troubles. She found herself in comparatively smooth waters again, and with a fair chance of anchoring there permanently. Leopold had now a sufficiency of horses, dogs, lands, and money to give him constant pleasant employment, and every other sort of inducement to keep out of harm's way. He wished himself and his wife to stand well with society, as their altered position rendered desirable, and she seconded him readily. Who knows but that the shock of Hilda's death may not have been sufficient to awaken in him some dormant conscience or self-respect? As for Sophie, if her illusions are past, she has the child for her mainstay, and Francis Joseph has become the centre of her hopes and cares.

There was a long postscript about Albert Grey, now no mere literary adventurer, but named everywhere where the most successful writers of the day are spoken of. Another threatened *vis manqué* that had stumbled somehow into the right path. It is a singular and significant study

to count up the characters—they are not few, in any one's list of acquaintances—that go bankrupt among life's chances and changes, and to mark how some manage to rally and float again, whilst others sink, and never lift up their heads afterwards.

Number three is Von Zbirow's, a curious, characteristic, mock-cynical letteret. He is in London; so is Theodore, who, wherever he now goes, is showered with laurels of every description, and who, the Doctor mournfully remarks by the way, is already beginning to grow lazy and stout upon his reputation, as famous singers will do.

The last is the shortest of all; a few lines only, over which I pored much longer than over the three others put together, as if the words of this last were Runic characters, with mystery and magic spells in their meaning.

I took out my watch; looked from that to Eva's recumbent figure. She seemed asleep. She could hardly miss me now if I left her for half an hour. I rose softly.

'Yes, that's right; do go out for a little while,' she murmured drowsily, without unclosing her eyes; 'I shall go to sleep presently. You must not shut yourself up all day long in a hot room with an invalid.'

'I am going,' said I, kissing her as I spoke, to hide a flush. 'Good-night—good-bye.'

I left the house and slowly skirted the churchyard, walking in the direction of the Priory grounds. The Priory itself faced me in the distance, all blank walls and closed shutters. So it had been ever since I came to Westburn. I paused, and saw a figure—the figure I expected—coming along the path across the fields towards me. I waited, leaning

against the churchyard gate, until he was close to me.

'I came,' said I, 'because Eva is resting. The least sound in the house she hears directly. I do not want her to be disturbed. She must not know of this.'

'As you please,' he said. 'But come away from here, at least, into the grounds.'

He pushed open the gate of the field; we passed through, and walked on a few steps side by side silently.

We had reached a group of tall chestnuts just bursting into leaf. Here I stopped—would go no further. It was not the first time we had stood under those trees together. Let him say there what he had to say. My answer was ready.

'How is your friend?' he asked gently.

'She is better, but not strong yet. She must be kept quiet; the smallest excitement does her harm. I did not tell her I had heard from you, and she still thinks there is no one at the Priory. I will not have her know that you are here.'

'I came last night,' he said.

He had written, then, the first moment, those lines to tell me he was there, and that, unless I forbade it, he should come this afternoon.

'To-morrow,' he continued, 'I leave it—leave England.'

'For long?' I asked indifferently.

'If you call for life a long time.'

'Not a man's "for life," most assuredly,' said I.

'Will you wait and prove what it means here—'

'It is no matter,' I interrupted quickly.

'None; what is or is not to come to me in such a future has no interest for you—not much for me. Shall I tell you what has? There is one, just one, who has

power on earth to detain me, and I have come to learn from her whether I am to go.'

'From me?' I repeated.

'Don't answer me yet. Will you listen?'

I leant back against the stem of the chestnut-tree, and listened. Everything around us was quite still, as if the spring buds and birds were listening too, to learn new secrets for their love-stories, new words that breathe and thoughts that burn. But there was a sting in their sweetness and scorch in their flame.

Not a dream to-day, an idle delusion, or vain girl's fancy fathered by wish, but the outpoured offering of his soul to my soul, his life to mine, as earnest, as absolute as man's single-hearted passion can make such an oblation.

He loved me, then; held to life only for me. From the hideous aboals and rocks among which he had cast himself, paying all too dearly for his gambler's love-venture, he was free—free as the dead, and with desolation and a wreck to look back on. Light might come again, but it must be through me. He and this life would never be friends again without my love.

'Say it again, say it again,' I could have cried insensately. Could but that moment have lasted for ever, or death have overtaken me then, there, happy and forgetful at last! One must forget, to be happy thus.

Just for one perfect moment, of no earthly stamp. Then the strong tide of destructive memories came rushing back. The dead leaves of last year were laughing at us. As if one sweet word could cancel an infinitude of pain!

With a sudden movement I tore myself free.

'You love, you always loved me, you say. Haven't I learnt



the worth of love like yours for me, that you tell me so? O, life would be another thing if you could create again with one breath what once you took a fancy to destroy! How you would laugh at a man who wanted to work miracles, and talked of possible healing with a touch; and yet you think that with one word you can heal the soul?

Too late he called his folly, folly, spoke of its expiation, of the deadly blank that had succeeded the short delight; of those days at Adlerberg, when that sunshine of the spirit, which he stood self-condemned never to seek again but at his peril, had touched him, but only to make the darkness visible and the fact more palpable that sunlight henceforth must turn to an *ignis fatuus*, in the path he had entered and bound himself to follow, for better for worse. In vain he taxed me with an unforgiving heart. His words rang in my ears like arrant mockery.

'It is not for you, who killed my faith, to taunt me with hardness now.'

'Is that your answer?' he said.

'It is.'

'Without appeal.'

I looked up. 'It seemed such a slight thing to you to say, "This one loved me—I made her, I let her. Perhaps even I cared. True, I chose to end that—to let her think it had been pretence on my part; but what of that, now I am free? I wish to ignore the past, make light of my error, stand where I stood before." Is it not so?'

'Don't talk of love,' he exclaimed violently. 'Love, past or present, is not implacable, like you.'

I shook my head. 'Did you think I had stood still since then; that I am the child who, three years ago, would have laid down her life for your asking? You

should know now what passed through me when you turned aside and taught me never to trust what I loved again. And yet you can think such an experience can leave the gold in one unalloyed.'

I turned away from him, and pressed my face against the hard bark of the chestnut-tree. When I looked up he was gone.

Slowly I retraced my steps to the house, feeling tired and shaken as rushes may do after the storm that has left them standing.

I joined Eva; and all that evening made the mightiest exertions to talk, to look, to seem, as usual, but failed utterly. Perhaps weakness had rendered her less observant; for she took no notice, nor hinted at the slightest suspicion that anything was amiss.

That night a letter came for me. I contrived to intercept it, so that Eva should not hear of its arrival. I waited then till she was asleep and I alone in my room, before I trusted myself to read what Jasper had written.

'I was mad to leave you; but you had stunned me by your words. I could not, cannot, deny their truth. That lapse, which you say I reckon a light thing, has cost me my own self-esteem irreclaimably, and that long before it had brought me to the verge of things worse than death. Is it to put an everlasting bar between us? You declare that it is. Against all you affirmed, I could urge but this—that I love you. But I say more—you *love me*; the very enmity that burns through your replies cannot shake that certainty. Tell me that love like ours is a common thing, and that you can proudly toss it away! Does not its fulfilment mean for us the highest good? Grant that it must; and recollect that what I called upon you to do was not to condone the past,

but to dictate the future. You may utterly condemn, you may utterly deny me; but you are mine still through your love, as I am yours through mine, and this holds good, though you and I were never to meet again. What will our lives be worth if we lead them apart?

'It is for you now to give your answer. You have mine. If you feel that I have spoken the truth, and that my truth is stronger than your truth, let me have some sign—one word. If you will not yield it, I shall accept your decision, and leave, as I said, to-morrow night.'

Bold words; but was he not right, after all?

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### CONCLUSION.

'Men have died  
Trying to find this place, which we have  
found.'

THE day wore on. Though bare of incident, it had seemed so long, that I could have looked in the glass, and felt that if gray hairs, wrinkles, and all other marks of old age had not made their appearance, it was not for want of time. It was like the fable of Rip van Winkle reversed. Was it a day, or twenty years?

Evening closed at last. For hours I had constrained myself to sit still by Eva's side, listening automatically to the ticking of the clock, and at intervals letting drop some vague unimportant remark. More than once I caught Eva's eyes resting upon me with a look of awakened solicitude. Then I would turn away, and pretend to read a book. She must not be anxious, or fret and worry about the tossings to and fro of my storm-driven mind.

I had silenced one voice in me after another; still something

that I could not stifle was harping unceasingly on the same string. 'He is going to-night; to-morrow will be over the seas, on his way to who knows what strange distant land, and beyond recall; for if I let him go to-night, pride will forbid me to repent.'

I seemed already to see him in that far-off foreign country—say Italy, the river of Lethe. He will drink of those waters—namely, its beauty, soft skies, lazy airs—till they dull remembrance. A new earth will wake for him slowly, among new faces, new modes of pleasure and usefulness. He will learn to live without love, without me. Why, he must. I have said it myself.

Something was testing and searching my heart like a probe. I sprang up, feeling I could bear it no longer; Eva lay without stirring, to all appearances sunk into a doze. I left the room on tip-toe, and stole noiselessly out of the house, turning towards the churchyard as yesterday.

It was growing dusk, but the twilight was mingled with the broad yellow sheen cast by the full moon, just rising among the trees, and gleaming over the empty fields and the closed windows and sad-looking gray walls of the Priory.

I had snatched a light cloak, the first that had come to hand, pulled the hood over my head, and, thus accoutred, sped on my way and entered the Priory grounds. All Westburn was safe in doors. Was it not their dinner-hour? As for me, led on by an imperious impulse that carried all before it, I never thought of appearances, propriety, or inquisitive eyes for an instant. Petty scruples were nowhere, and a whole army of suburban scandal-mongers would not have stopped or intimidated me.

But I met no one, not so much as a labourer, in my flight across the meadows. Like a ghost or a nun in my long gray cloak, I hastened over the grass till I reached an orchard of cherry-trees, now in full flower, that stood on the edge of the garden. There I paused for breath under a weird canopy of moonlit white blossoms.

What had I come for? I had started without even asking myself *why* I wished to see and speak with him; and now, as I neared the house, and saw only closed shutters and drawn blinds—like a house of death—I was seized with a miserable dread that I had resisted, wavered, and held back till it was too late, and that he was gone. I shrank from going on to make that fear a certitude, and felt as if nothing in the world mattered, or ever could matter thus, if only I could see him for one moment.

Then I remembered that the windows of his study—a room in which I had never set foot since our first *tête-à-tête*—were not visible from the cherry-orchard. A few hasty steps brought me on to the lawn, and I saw that those shutters were not closed, and that one of the frames was pushed slightly ajar.

In an instant I was there, pressing my face against the glass. I think I never knew true joy till then. For I had assured myself that he was not gone.

I saw the room just as it was three years ago. How I remembered every little feature! He was there, quite alone in the half-darkness, seated by the table, leaning forwards, resting his head on his hand, his countenance pale, worn, and lifeless-looking as the vacant faces staring at him out of the tapestry, but fixed and resolute. I had come but just in time.

For a minute I too stood there dumb and immovable, too overcome to stir. Would he guess; would he feel me near?

What told him, I hardly knew. I think a light spring breeze came sweeping across the lawn through the open casement into the room, bearing in a little cloud of white thorn-blossoms. His eyes turned mechanically to the window, and he saw me.

Something in the expression of his face half frightened me, suddenly, for *him*; and I began to speak hastily and at random, opening the window wide, that he might know for certain that I was not a spirit, nor hallucination of any sort.

'It is I, it is I, and I have come to—'

I was not allowed to finish my sentence. He was there in a breath. When I opened my eyes I found myself in his arms, with my head on his shoulder, and he was asking me what these tears meant.

'It is only because I was so glad,' said I childishly, 'to know you were not gone. I found I *could* not let you go. For I would have if I could, you know.'

'Ungracious to the last,' he said playfully.

'But you must not mind,' said I. 'O, you were right, and I could not help it. It was stronger than I.'

'Mine at last!' he said, lingering over the words.

'Yours from the first—yours always.'

Ah, of love there are ways many and sorts many; and some loves play us false, or may play false; some live but a little while, or fade at a touch. One there is which, lost or won, rings true, and is bound up for better or worse with our lives. That love, which is the soul's patriotism, born in

us, grown with us, silent, untried, and that bursts into full strength when we meet the heart where our heart's home lies, and to which the soul goes forth as an exile's to his native country.

Ten happy minutes afterwards we heard the sound of wheels on the road and servants' voices in the hall.

'Come,' said Jasper, laughing, 'that is the dog-cart arriving to carry me away;' and he led me out into the garden. 'They will be coming directly to tell me it is time to start. They sha'n't find me.'

They certainly never thought of coming to look for him in the cherry-orchard, where we lingered for another half hour yet.

Then we slowly wandered back over the fields to Eva's.

'Don't let us startle her,' I said to my companion; 'I want to break the surprise to her. Let me see her first.'

I ran in alone. Eva was sitting up on the sofa.

'Well!' she began expectantly; but I was too fluttered to notice it, or ask myself why.

'Dear,' said I, 'Jasper is here, and I have ever so much to tell you—'

'I know it all,' she said, with a smile.

'Eva?'

'I saw you go out yesterday, and watched you from my window. I know where you went to-night.'

O, blind love, who therefore takes for granted that others are blind also!

'Eva, Eva,' I sobbed, 'I am a great deal too happy. It is not natural. It is not right. Will not something frightful happen immediately to me or to Jasper?'

'Hush, you silly child,' she said, laughing; 'it is because it is your nature to feel everything as keenly as it can be felt, I think—suffering as well as enjoyment. So it is all fairer than perhaps it seems to you at this moment. Don't torment yourself, but take your happiness when it comes.'

And I took it.

Should we end with an Epithalamium, after all? We must, if we are to look forward into the summer that followed that April night.

So pause here. One day—my last at home—whilst taking a bird's-eye view of things gone by, something made me turn to Jock—who lives still, though he, like other songsters, is growing fat and lazy, and whose cage-door might now be left open all day, he never would try to go a-roaming—and presently begin thinking aloud.

'Jock,' said I philosophically, 'who would believe that such a little mite as you could be a serious influence in the world? Yet, Jock, let me tell you that if you had *not* flown away one fine morning, years ago, your young mistress would have quite another story to tell of her life and her fortunes.'

It was the last confidence of hers he was ever to receive.

## THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE.\*

I WAS nearly forty years of age, and felt myself so safely anchored in the peaceable haven of a bachelor's life, that nothing would induce me to run the risk of disturbing it by marriage. But I had reckoned without the trumpeter's horse.

It was at the end of September 1864 that I arrived at Paris from Baden, intending only to remain four-and-twenty hours. I had invited four or five friends to join me in Poitou for the hunting season, and as they were to arrive at the beginning of October, I had only allowed myself a week at La Roche Targé to prepare for their reception. A letter from home awaited my arrival at Paris, bringing me the disastrous intelligence that out of twelve horses five had fallen ill or lame during my stay at Baden, so that I was under the necessity of remounting my cavalry before I left Paris.

I made the round of all the horsedealers of the Champs Elysées, where I was shown a collection of screws, the average price of which was 120*l.*; but I was neither in a humour nor in cash to throw away my money upon such useless beasts. It was a Wednesday, the day of Chéri's autumn sale; I went to the Rue de Ponthieu, and purchased at a venture eight horses, which cost me altogether 200*l.* 'Out of the eight,' said I to myself, 'there will be surely four or five which will go.'

Among these horses there was

one which, I confess, I bought principally on account of his coat. The catalogue did not assign to him any special qualifications as a hunter. All that it stated was, 'Brutus, a saddle-horse, aged, well broken.' It was a large dappled gray horse, but never had I seen one better marked, its smooth white skin dappled over with fine black spots so regularly distributed.

The next morning I left for La Roche Targé, and the following day my horses arrived. My first care was for Brutus. This gray horse had been running for the last forty-eight hours in my head, and I was anxious to try his paces, and see what he was good for. He had long teeth, and every mark of a respectable age, a powerful shoulder, and he carried his head well; but what I most admired in Brutus was the way in which he looked at me, following every movement with his attentive, intelligent, inquisitive eye. Even my words seemed to interest him; he leant his head on one side as if to hear me, and when I had finished speaking, replied with a merry neigh. The other seven horses were brought out to me in succession, but they resembled any other horses, and Brutus certainly was different from them all. I was anxious to take a little ride in the country, in order to make his acquaintance.

Brutus allowed himself to be saddled, bridled, and mounted as a horse who knew his work, and we started quietly together, the best friends possible. He had a beautiful mouth, and answered to

\* This story is taken, by permission of the author, M. Ludovic Halévy, from his volume entitled *Madame et Monsieur Cardinal*, published by Michel Levy frères, Paris.

every turn of the rein, arching his neck, and champing his bit. His paces were perfect; he began by a slow measured canter, raising his feet very high, and letting them fall with the regularity of a pendulum. I tried him at a trot and a short gallop, but when I sought to quicken his pace he began to amble in grand style. 'Ah,' said I, 'I see how it is; I have bought an old horse out of the cavalry riding-school at Saumur.'

I was about to turn homewards, satisfied with the talents of Brutus, when a shot was heard a short distance off. It was one of my keepers firing at a rabbit, for which shot he it said, *en passant*, he afterwards received a handsome present from my wife. I was then exactly in the centre of an open space where six long green roads met. On hearing the shot Brutus stopped short, and put his ears forward in an attitude of attention; I was surprised to see him so impressionable. After the brilliant military education I assumed he had received in his youth, he must be well accustomed to the report of a gun. I pressed my knees against him to make him move on, but Brutus would not stir. I tried to back him, to make him turn to the right or to the left, but in vain. I made him feel my riding-whip, but still he was immovable. Brutus was not to be displaced; and yet—do not smile, for mine is a true history—each time I urged him to move the horse turned his head round, and gazed upon me with an eye expressive of impatience and surprise, and then relapsed into his motionless attitude. There was evidently some misunderstanding between me and my horse. I saw it in his eyes. Brutus was saying as plainly as he could without speech, 'I, horse, do what

I ought to do; and you, horseman, do not perform your part.'

I was more puzzled than embarrassed. 'What a strange horse Chéri has sold me! and why does he look upon me in such a way? I was about to proceed to extremities, and administer to him a good thrashing, when another shot was fired.

The horse then made one bound. I thought I had gained my point, and again tried to start him, but in vain. He stopped short, and planted himself more resolutely than ever. I then got into a rage, and my riding-whip entered into play; I took it in both hands, and struck the horse right and left. But Brutus too lost patience, and finding passive resistance unavailing, defended himself by rearing, kicking, and plunging; and in the midst of the battle, while the horse capered and kicked, and I, exasperated, was flogging him with the loaded butt-end of my broken whip, Brutus nevertheless found time to look at me, not only with impatience and surprise, but with rage and indignation. While I required of the horse the obedience he refused, he, on his part, was expecting of me something I did not do.

How did this end? To my shame be it spoken, I was relentlessly and disgracefully unseated. Brutus saw there was to be nothing gained by violence, so judged it necessary to employ malice. After a moment's pause, evidently passed in reflection, the horse put down his head and stood upright on his fore-legs, with the address and equilibrium of a clown upon his hands. I was consequently deposited upon the sand, which fortunately happened to be rather thick in the place where I fell.

I tried to raise myself, but I cried out and fell stretched with my face towards the ground. I



felt as if a knife were sticking in my left leg. The hurt did not prove serious—the snapping of one of the small tendons—but not the less painful. I succeeded, however, in turning myself, and sat down; but while I was rubbing my eyes, which were filled with sand, I saw the great foot of a horse descend gently upon my head, and again extend me on my back. I then felt quite disheartened, and was ruminating in my mind what this strange horse could be, when I felt a quantity of sand strike me in the face. I opened my eyes, and saw Brutus throwing up the dust with both fore and hind feet, trying to bury me. This lasted for several minutes, when, apparently thinking me sufficiently interred, Brutus knelt by my grave, and then galloped round me, describing a perfect circle. I called out to him to stop. He appeared to be embarrassed; but seeing my hat, which had been separated from me in my fall, he took it between his teeth, and galloped down one of the green paths out of my sight.

I was left alone. I shook off the sand which covered me, and with my arm and right leg—my left I could not move—dragged myself to a bushy bank, where I seated myself, and shouted with all my might for assistance. But no answer; the wood was perfectly silent and deserted.

I remained alone in this wretched condition above half an hour, when I saw Brutus in the distance, returning by the same road by which he went, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Gradually, as it cleared away, I saw a little carriage approaching—a pony-chaise—and in the pony-chaise a lady, who drove it, with a small groom in the seat behind.

A few instants after, Brutus

arrived covered with foam. He stopped before me, let fall my hat at his feet, and addressed me with a neigh, as much as to say: 'I have done my duty, I have brought you help.' But I did not trouble myself about Brutus and his explanations; I had no thought or looks save for the beautiful fairy who had come to my aid, and who, jumping from her little carriage, tripped lightly up to me, and suddenly two exclamations were uttered at the same moment.

'Madame de Noriolis!'

'Monsieur de la Roche Targé!'

I have an aunt, between whom and myself my marrying is a source of continual dispute.

'Marry,' she would say.

'I will not,' was my answer.

'Would you have a young lady? There are Miss A, Miss B, Miss C.'

'But I won't marry.'

'Then take a widow; there are Mrs. D, Mrs. E, Mrs. F, &c.

'But marry I will not.'

Madame de Noriolis was always in the first rank among my aunt's widows. To tell me she was rich, lively, and pretty was unnecessary; but after setting forth all her attractions, my aunt would take from her secretary a map of the district where she lived, and point out how the estates of Noriolis and La Roche Targé joined, and she had traced a red line upon the map uniting the two properties, which she constantly obliged me to look at. 'Eight hundred acres within a ring-fence! a fine chance for a sportsman.' But I would shut my eyes, and repeat as before, 'I will never marry.' Yet, seriously speaking, I was afraid of Madame de Noriolis, and always saw her head encircled with an aureole of my aunt's red line. Charming, sensible, talented, and eight hundred acres within a ring-fence! Escape for your safety if you will not marry.

And I always did escape; but this time retreat was impossible. I lay extended on the turf, covered with sand, my hair in disorder, my clothes in tatters, and my leg stiff.

'What are you doing here?' inquired Madame de Noriolis. 'What has happened?'

I candidly confessed I had been thrown.

'But you are not much hurt?'

'No; but I have put something out in my leg—nothing serious, I am sure.'

'And where is the horse which has played you this trick?'

I pointed out Brutus, who was quietly grazing upon the shoots of the broom.

'How! it is him, the good horse! He has amply repaired his wrongs, as I will relate to you later. But you must go home directly.'

'How? I cannot move a step.'

'But I am going to drive you home, at the risk of compromising you.'

And calling her little groom Bob, she led me gently by one arm, while Bob took the other, and made me get into her carriage. Five minutes afterwards, we were moving in the direction of La Roche Targé, she holding the reins and driving the pony with a light hand; I looking at her, confused, embarrassed, stupid, ridiculous. Bob was charged to lead back Brutus.

'Extend your leg quite straight,' said Madame de Noriolis, 'and I will drive you very gently to avoid jolting.' When she saw me comfortably installed, 'Tell me,' she said, 'how you were thrown, and I will explain how I came to your assistance.'

I began my story, but when I spoke of the efforts of Brutus to unseat me after the two shots, 'I understand it all,' she exclaimed;

'you have bought the trumpeter's horse.'

'The trumpeter's horse?'

'Yes, that explains it all. You have seen many scenes in the Cirque de l'Impératrice, the performance of the trumpeter's horse. A Chasseur d'Afrique enters the arena upon a gray horse; then come the Arabs, who fire upon him, and he is wounded and falls; and, as you did not fall, the horse, indignant at your not performing your part in the piece, threw you down. What did he do next?'

I related the little attempt of Brutus to bury me.

'Exactly like the trumpeter's horse. He sees his master wounded; but the Arabs may return and kill him, so what does the horse do? He buries him and gallops off, carrying away the colours, that they may not fall into the hands of the Arabs.'

'That is my hat which Brutus carried off.'

'Precisely. He goes to fetch the vivandière—the vivandière of to-day being your humble servant the Countess de Noriolis. Your great gray horse galloped into my courtyard, where I was standing on the doorsteps, putting on my gloves and ready to get into my carriage. My grooms seeing a horse saddled and bridled, with a hat in his mouth and without a rider, tried to catch him; but he escapes their pursuit, goes straight up to the steps, and kneels before me. The men again try to capture him; but he gallops off, stops at the gate, turns round, and looks at me. I felt sure he was calling me; so I jumped into my carriage and set off. The horse darts through roads not always adapted for carriages; but I follow him, and arrive where I find you.'

At the moment Madame de Noriolis had finished these words

the carriage received a fearful jolt, and we saw in the air the head of Brutus, who was standing erect on his hind legs behind us. Seeing the little back seat of the carriage untenanted, he had taken the opportunity of giving us another specimen of his talents, by executing the most brilliant of all his circus performances. He had placed his fore feet upon the back seat of the little carriage, and was tranquilly continuing his route, trotting upon his hind legs alone, Bob striving in vain to replace him upon four.

Madame de Noriolis was so

frightened she let the reins escape from her hands, and sank fainting in my arms. With my left hand I recovered the reins, with my right arm I supported Madame de Noriolis, my leg all the time causing me most frightful torture.

In this manner Madame de Noriolis made her first entry into La Roche Targé. When she returned there six weeks later she had become my wife.

'Such indeed is life,' she exclaimed. 'This would never have come to pass if you had not bought the trumpeter's horse.'



## BATTLE-SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

'WAR,' says Cowper, 'is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at.' It may be asserted with equal confidence that, in the coming good time of the wisdom of all men, there will be no kings to play at war or anything else. But so long as matters remain in their present condition brave men will easily be found to fight, not only without any interest in the point disputed between their sovereigns, but even without any definite knowledge of what they are fighting for. Man, happily, is not exempt from that tendency to destruction which seems to animate most beings. Nothing, however, is to be got for nothing. A hero will seldom fight for anybody but himself without some external inducement.

Once upon a time this inducement was administered in the practical form of a whipping; now it generally assumes the serene shape of money. But a great additional incentive to effort in *l'art d'égorger son prochain* is to be found in song. The constructive and destructive forces of love and fight have been, perhaps, about equally celebrated in rhyme. Both are born of the violent passions of humanity, and it is the object of the ingenious poet to increase them. Sometimes the martial singer celebrates patriotism. It is not his cue to remember that a good patriot must needs be often the enemy of the rest of mankind. This sort of song recalls the *Horaces* of P. Corneille:

'Mourir pour le pays est un si digne sort  
Qu'on briguerait en foule une si belle  
Tarara!'

{mort—

The 'Tarara!' by the way, is seldom forgotten. Another singer makes the soldier believe he is engaged in a religious exercise. The well-known chant attributed to the Kaiser William,

'Ten thousand Frenchmen put to the sword,  
For all His mercies thank the Lord!'

is scarcely a parody on too many national war-songs. Such songs present us with the Koran or the sword, the Vedas or the sword, the Bible or the sword; always the same monotonous alternative. Another singer introduces family ties. It is well known that in every battle one side fights to preserve its altars and homes, while the other serves a tyrant and a murderer solely for the sake of plunder. Another introduces the hope of profit. 'Worlds of wealth and worlds of wives are the hardy Tartar's prize,' says a song of Kemble. Whether the 'worlds of wives' are not sufficient to counterbalance the attraction of the 'worlds of wealth' is, of course, for the 'hardy Tartar' to consider. Another employs pride and ambition as its promoter of plague, pestilence, and famine, of battle and murder and sudden death. The soldier is attired in red cloth, at so much per yard, faces right-about-left, and incontinently marches off to glory. If he dies his grave is watered by the tears of a world. The steel cap and breastplate, the sword and the plume, has each its several stanza. No wonder that the warrior 'burns with conquest to be crowned,' as Arne says in his

'Tired Soldier,' when we add to all these seductions the never-failing spur of feminine beauty. 'Let no pretty girl,' says the enthusiastic Körner, 'kiss the fellow who refuses to be a fighter!' Battle-songs innumerable have this inspired utterance for their *motivo*. Other songs there are which content themselves with insulting the enemy by every variety of expression of abuse. In a heap of *Battle Ballads*, about the time of Napoleon's apogee, that brave and wise commander is stigmatised, in exceedingly bad verse, as a mischievous, cruel, tyrannical, hell-born dog, who kills his own subjects like pigs, and murders the wives and children of others. He is a foe to religion and—a Mahometan! He is the last and worst plague of Egypt. He is the vile Corsican butcher who dosed his own crew. He is a fugitive renegade, an insatiable monster of cruelty and ambition, an eternal enemy to the repose and happiness of all mankind. And so on, *ad nauseam*.

As might be well expected, there is in battle-songs that frequent disregard of prosaic meaning which distinguishes some of the highest poetic effort. One poet speaks of his hero 'setting true steel in the gore of his foes'—a Sibylline expression, which, perhaps, is less easily explained than felt. Another tells us that a soldier's life is a 'very merry, hey-down-derry sort of life enough.' Here the epithet 'hey-down-derry' quaintly illustrates the author's meaning. But this is nothing to a song of Colman's, which deserves entire quotation from its artless simplicity of diction, its animating flow of numbers, its lucid and intelligent expression, its admirable imitation of the sounds of martial music, and its reverent solemnity of conclusion,

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which represents its hero entering that awful land of darkness and the shadow of death:

WHAT'S A VALIANT HERO?

(G. COLMAN.)

What's a valiant hero?

Beat the drum,

He'll come,

Row de dow, &c.

Nothing does he fear, O!

Risks his life,

While the life,

Twittle, twittle, twero!

Row de dow, de dow,

Twittle, twittle, twero.

Havoc splits his ear, O! Groans abound, trumpets sound, Rantan tan ta ro, twittle, twittle, twero. Then the scars he'll bear, O! Muskets roar, small shot pour, Rat-a-tat too ro, pop pop pop, twittle, twittle, twero. What brings up the rear, O! In comes death, stops his breath, good-bye, valiant hero, Twittle, twittle, rat-a-tat, Pop pop pop, row de dow, &c.†

The rival demands of love and what is known as glory produce a series of interesting situations, whereof the dramatic poets of warfare have not been slow to avail themselves. Duty calls and the damsel cries. The echo of the clarion puts an end to amorous clippings, the roll of the drum to the lovers' ravings. Hot tears are left in haste for hotter cannon-balls, and burning bosoms for still more burning mortars. A thousand interesting incidents, in as many songs, diversify the strife between public honour and private predilection, between civil fondness and military fame. Here the lover consoles himself with exemplary confidence and modesty, by assuring his love that, though 'glory's call' divides them on earth, 'in blissful realms above' they shall be ever united. There the lady utters a fervent prayer to Heaven to have her suitor safe home again; but, finding her prayer

\* One copy reads *ro*, but *tero* seems more pathetic.

† The printer has spoilt much of the beauty of the song by presenting it thus. He was of opinion that the matter was not weighty enough to justify a larger consumption of space.

disregarded, soon consoles herself, after the fashion of her sex, by marrying some one else.

The song known as General Wolfe's is a fair type of the sentiments and expression of that vast number of so-called patriotic songs, which connect courage with cognac, and recommend strong drink to drown all the sorrows of reflective thought. In this song the almighty panacea is the wine-goblet:

'How stands the glass around?  
Let mirth and wine abound;  
Drink on and let's be jolly, boys.'

For those unfortunate ones who have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking—for those who are averse to alcoholic stimulant, or incapable of taking it without subsequent illness—no aid against the attacks of melancholy is here provided. But for the rest, a cure of all their discomforts is to be found in 'a bottle and a kind landlady.' Thus, the song says in its last stanza, are those boys whom the next campaign will not send to heaven to be consoled on earth.

Other songs there are—whose name is legion—which endeavour to persuade the soldier, chiefly by a monotonous repetition of the same idea in the same words, that merriment is to be met with in martial music. The following sample is by E. Knight:

'Merry sounds the drum, and merry  
sounds the fife,  
And merry, boys, merry, boys, is the  
soldier's life;  
Merry, merry, merry, boys, is the sol-  
dier's life,  
For merry sounds the drum, boys, and  
merry sounds the fife.'

And so on. One is naturally tempted to ask the need, unless the author of the lyric had himself some hidden misgivings about the military merriment, of this 'damnable iteration.' Songs of

this sample strive to banish a certain natural uneasiness, not fear—for, as one of them says, or rather sings, with equal truth, melody, and modesty,

'No British heart a foreign foe e'er feared'

—by cymbals, trumpets, sackbuts, and all other kinds of music.

Many songs ring the changes upon fame—fame which is so seldom justly won, and lasts for so short a while. But the songs almost with one accord promise this slippery possession to every private: such antitheses are frequent as 'a brave soldier's death is the life of his name'; 'he who falls in the field lives in story.' 'Story' is a rare word, by the way, but it is a convenient rhyme for 'glory.' How far these poetic utterances coincide with prosaic fact it is scarcely necessary to consider. Most readers' memory will recur to Byron's *Groσε*—'I knew a man whose loss was printed Grove, although his name was *Groσε*'—and yet this unfortunate and fortunate man was a great deal more than a mere private.

One song promises the warrior that women will 'shed a tear' for him, if he is unfortunate enough to have a steel bayonet twisted through him. Another, that in a like case the poet 'will breathe a lay' for him, which, if it resemble the lay containing the promise, must assuredly communicate an additional bitterness to death. Fame after all is a doubtful advantage, but how nearly approaching to a satirist is that songster who tells the simple soldier that his deeds shall 'appear recorded on the front of day'—the simple soldier who, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand, dies neglected and forgotten in a ditch!

The fashionable notoriety into which Turkey and Russia have emerged out of a happy oblivion



during the past year of their internecine hatred renders necessary, if possible, in an article on war-songs, some mention of those of both these countries. But the chapter on the former must bear no slight resemblance to the famous chapter on snakes in Horrebow's *Natural History of Iceland*:

'CHAP. LXXII. *Concerning Snakes*.—No snakes of any kind are to be met with throughout the whole island.'

No war-songs of any kind are to be met with throughout the whole of Turkestan. It is true that certain *soi-disant* Turkish national songs are to be found, but they are translations or adaptations generally of French or Italian poetry. Both these people have sufficient military enthusiasm to supply with songs, not only themselves, but any other nation that may demand them. Victor Hugo's Turkish March is a sample of these exotic growths.

Of the war-songs of Russia, says Mr. Raleton, to whom the reader is indebted for the succeeding translations, many refer to the wars with Sweden, as that in which a General Sheremetef chases the Swedish commandant up to the very walls of Dorpat; and another in which a girl tells her mother of a dream which presented to her a steep hill, on which was a white stone, and on the stone a cytissus, and on the cytissus a purple eagle, and in the eagle's claws a black crow. The mother explains the dream:

'The steep hill is stone-built Moskva,  
The white stone is our Kreml Gorod,  
The cytissus is the Kremlin palace,  
The purple eagle is our father the orthodox Tsar,  
And the black crow is the Swedish king.  
Our Gosudar will conquer the Swedish land,  
And the king himself will lead into captivity.'

The Russian songs are more

often tender with the pathos of truth than fervid with patriotic fire. Such a song as the following would be of little service in recruiting a regiment. A young conscript enrolled among the imperial dragoons laments thus, while his long locks fall under the official shears:

'Not for my black curls do I mourn,  
But I mourn for my own home.  
In my home are three sorrows,  
And the first sorrow is—  
I have parted from my father and mother,  
From my father and from my mother,  
From my young wife,  
From my orphaned boys,  
From my little children.'

In another song one of the soldiers is followed by his weeping sweetheart. He consoles her with that sad consolation which Mephistopheles offers to Faust in the case of Marguerite, '*Sie est nicht die erste*.'

'Not thou alone art unhappy;  
I also, the bold youth, am sad,  
Going to a far-off land—  
To an unknown far-off land  
Do I go in the service of the Gosudar.'

The Russian battle-songs are mostly mournful. The inspiration of music, the means of gain, the hope of glory, the intoxication of woman's love, cannot wipe from the mind of the Slav the ever-present possibility of a painful death, in the midst of many of his dying friends, rolling in anguish on a bloody field, where the last sight of his eyes is his flaming home, the last sound in his ears the cries of his wife and family abandoned amidst its ruins. If they weep not for the loss of hair, of home, of parents, of children, or of sweethearts, they may still weep for the loss of an emperor:

'By the tomb of the emperor

A young sergeant prayed to God,  
Weeping the while, as a river flows,  
For the recent death of the emperor,  
The emperor Peter the First.  
And thus amid his sobs he spake:

"Split asunder, O damp mother Earth;  
Ca all four sides  
Open, ye coffin planks;  
Unroll, O brocade of gold;  
And do thou arise, awake, Gosudar," &c.

The present Russian army is said to be very scantily supplied with bands, and the men march to the sound of music and words of their own composition. *Apropos* of Russian war-songs, a witty American once said, that when a man had been compelled to listen to a Russian melody he would certainly be exceedingly anxious to fight somebody, even if he had to walk a thousand miles to find him. If Russian songs really produce this inspiring effect, they must be of a character very widely removed from those which Mr. Ralston has cited as samples of military anthems.

Theodor Körner was born at Dresden in the last decade of the last century. He was educated at Leipsic, and composed several plays and poems. His plays show larger knowledge of the theatre than of the heart. His poems are almost without an exception versions with more or less *floriture* of the familiar apophthegm of the Eton Latin Grammar, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. This sentiment he supports and strengthens by a liberal addition of religious enthusiasm.

'Stirb wackres Volk! für Gott und Vaterland!' is the burden of most of what are considered his master-pieces. He prays God to forget any poltroon who fears to make a just cause fecund with his blood. When Germany rose against Napoleon in 1813, this juvenile Tyrtæus, with his falchion in one hand and his fiddle in the other, fought under Lutzow. On the 25th of August Lutzow's chasseurs, in pursuit of the French, reached a little wood near Rosenberg about nightfall. Here, seated by the bivouac fire, Körner composed his

famous *Schwertlied* or Sword-Song, which may be considered as a kind of German 'Rule Britannia' or 'Marseillaise.' The unfortunate poet was, in the next morning's battle, smitten by a ball, and died without a word. The whole song—a somewhat lengthy one, of which, preferring what has been called a 'literary murder' to a literary maiming, we have here given a prose analysis—is no short one, containing more than a dozen stanzas. Notwithstanding this inherent difficulty, it is said to have been committed to memory on the night of its creation by the whole army, and to have inspired every soldier with ardour in the morning sortie. It is written in the form of a dialogue, wherein the sword and its owner are the two interlocutors. The owner commences the conversation by asking his sword the reason of its *heîtres Blinken* or clear glitter. The sword answers, not without courtesy, that it beams with delight at belonging to so brave an owner. The owner tells the sword that he looks on it in the light of an affianced bride. The sword, with feminine delicacy, wishes at once to know the wedding-day. The owner answers:

'The trumpet's festal warning  
Tells that red bridal morning;  
Under the cannon's din  
I take my darling in.'

i.e. to the church in the tropical, but in the literal sense to the battle. The sword, with a woman's impatience, replies:

'O blassest entwining!  
I tarry here a-pining.  
O bridegroom, take thou me!  
My bride's-wreath waits for thee.'

In the next stanzas the sword is represented as clattering in its sheath with anger at the non-fulfilment of the promise of marriage. It is advised to bide for a little space in its narrow virgin bower.

But the sword expresses its anxiety to enter the fair love-garden, full of blood-red roses and of the blown blossoms of death. The owner is at last overcome by the sword's importunity, and takes his *augen Weide*—his 'eye's pasture-ground,' his iron bride, into his paternal mansion. 'Take,' says Körner, in the concluding address to his countrymen, 'take, if your hearts be cold, such a bride into your own arms to warm them. Her who once stole tender glances of love at your left God has now set on your right side to be your wife in the face of all men. Therefore press close to your lips your bride's iron mouth, all aglow with the fire of affection, and damned be every one who forsakes her! Now let our darling sing, and bright sparks leap round her in the first gray glimmer of our marriage morn!'

Each of the stanzas concludes with a 'Hurrah!' and with each 'Hurrah!' comes a strident accompaniment of clanking and clashing swords whenever this song is sung in Germany.

The words and music of the 'Marseillaise' have been attributed to a certain Rouget de Lille. He is said to have been born in 1760, and to have been the son of a lawyer. In April 1792, so runs the story, just after the French had declared war against the Austrians, De Lille happened to be in garrison at Strasburg. The mayor of that town invited him to dinner. The conversation chanced on military matters, and De Lille, who was known to have a turn for music and poetry, was asked by one of the guests to compose something suitable for the political occasion. De Lille, excited by the dinner, and complimented by the demand, took his fiddle as soon as he reached his quarters, and produced what Ulbach calls 'the eternal poem of the great apogee of the

Revolution.' It was originally known as the 'Hymne des Marseillais.' Like Körner's Sword-Song, it was immediately learned by heart by everybody. Also like Körner's Sword-Song, or like Jonah's gourd, it grew up, as we see, in a single night. Not to sing it was a disgrace; to be ignorant of it was almost a crime. It contained at first only six stanzas, but at least a dozen more have been added at odd times by other patriots. Of these one only seems deserving of remembrance. It is known as the 'Strophe des Enfants.'

'Nous entrerons dans la carrière  
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;  
Nous y trouverons leur poussière  
Et la trace de leurs vertus. (bis)  
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre  
Que de partager leur cercueil,  
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil  
De les venger, ou de les suivre.  
Aux armes, citoyens!' &c.

De Lille was in his later years twice sent to prison, and being reduced to the most sordid poverty, was obliged to translate English books, write prefaces to order, and do other literary hack labour to support life. A little before his death, when the greater part of glory's gilt and life's tinsel had been for him worn away by the hand of time, he was 'decorated with the Legion of Honour.' Several pensions also were conferred upon him, and there is no reason to doubt that they were paid, when most of the passions which money can gratify had been long extinguished in him by age. He died in 1836. He was the author of several essays, idyls, songs, and dramas, among which last is a literary curiosity called *Macbeth*, a lyrical tragedy in three acts.

But not without a rival is the honour of the 'Marseillaise' ascribed to Rouget de Lille. Another story tells us that both words and music were communi-

cated by a kind of inspiration to a body of volunteers of Marseilles one afternoon while they were patrolling the streets of their native town in all the panopoly of war.

'Partant pour la Syrie' was composed by the Count A. de Laborde. Under the Second Empire it was the national battle-song, the patriotic hymn *par excellence*. It consists of four stanzas, which recount how the young and brave Dunois, on the eve of an expedition against the infidels in Syria, prayed to the holy Virgin for her blessing, desiring modestly to marry *la plus belle*, and to be himself *le plus vaillant*. In the midst of the battle this prayer is repeated. On his return his master compliments Dunois as the 'Son of Victory,' and requests him to marry his daughter Isabelle without delay, for she is *la plus belle*, and he, Dunois, is *le plus vaillant*. In the last stanza Dunois enters into that hazardous engagement which, according to the author, can alone make man happy, and everybody in the church cries out,

'Amour à la plus belle,  
Honneur au plus vaillant.'

The Danish national war-song is known as the Song of Danebrog. Danebrog is the name of a flag with a white cross, which in the beginning of the thirteenth century fell from heaven at the prayer of Waldemar II., and insured the victory to his flying soldiers.

'Float bravely over the waters of the Baltic, O Danebrog, red as blood! Night shall not hide thy shine; the thunderbolt has not destroyed thee; thou hast floated over the heroes fallen into the bosom of death; thy white cross has lifted to the skies the name of Denmark.

'Fallen from heaven, O sacred relic of the Danes! Thither hast thou carried heroes such as this world has seldom seen. So long as renown shall run by land and sea, so long as the Scandinavian harp shall sound, thy glory shall not die!'

The chant is too long already, perhaps, for the reader's patience. It goes on to celebrate a Juul, a certain Danish admiral, a Tordenskjold, a Hvitefeld, and many others, most remarkable and glorious men every one of them, of whom the English reader is little likely ever to have heard even the names.

The conclusion is:

'Flatly unfold thy colours over the Danish coast, on the coast of Jadin, and in barbarous lands! Listen to the voice of the waves; it celebrates thy praises and the glory of thy defenders. Those who remain to thee swell with pride at thy name, and wish to meet death in thy honour. March then over the seas. Until the cuirasses of the north are burst in pieces, until every Danish heart be dead, thou shalt not go alone.'

The Italian war-song of '48 in Italy was the song of Godfredo Mameli.

'Italian brethren, Italy has awaked and girded her head with the helm of Scipio. Where is Victory? Let it offer unto her its hair, for God created it the servant of Rome.

'Ages have we been mocked and trodden down, because we are not a people, because we are divided. Let a single banner, one hope, gather us together; the horn of fusion has now sounded.

'Let us unite in love. Love and union reveal unto people the paths of the Lord! Let us swear to free our native soil: united for God, who can conquer us?

'From the Alps to Sicily, wherever is Legnano, every man has the heart and the hand of Ferruccio. The children of Italy call themselves Ballilla; the sound of every bell has sounded the vespers.

'Bought swords are but bending reeds. Already the eagle of Austria has lost her feathers; it has drunk the blood of Italy, with the Cossack the Polish blood, but it has burnt its heart.'

To every verse there is the following burden:

'Let us bind ourselves together in cohorts,  
Let us be ready for death; Italy has  
called us!'

Mameli was a friend of Mazzini, who bears this high testimony to his character, '*Era impossibile vederlo e non amarlo.*' Garibaldi also spoke highly of him as a soldier. Like Körner he seems to have passed his short life between singing and fighting. He died a little over twenty, of a wound in one of his legs. He wrote several poems, some of which show considerable talent. These are distinguished by a combination, as rare as it is desirable, of energy and sweetness. But of him, as Goethe wrote in his *Torquato*, it may be said,

'Wo du das Genie erblickst,  
Erblickst du auch zugleich die Martir-  
krone.'

The Garibaldian Hymn is the composition of Mercantini, of whom little is known. He published a collection of songs more or less of a military character, with a motto from Leopardi: 'God grant my blood may be a fire in Italian bosoms!'

The following is a succinct synopsis of it:

'The tombs open and the dead rise—all our martyrs, with sword in hand and laureled hair, the flame and name of Italy in their heart. The land of flower and

song shall be again the land of arms. Italy will admit no more strangers and tyrants; a German stick cannot tame her. Italy's houses are her own; those of Germany are on the Danube. Germany has devastated Italy's fields and stolen her bread. Her sons she will yet keep for herself. Arms are to be ready and tongues mute; the face only is to be shown to the enemy, who will quickly fly beyond the mountains if Italians have one thought only—Italy if her hundred cities be one alone! Garibaldi will raise the cry "*All' armi!*" if the enemy attempt the shoulders of the Alps. The pride of the impious is for ever fallen; the King enters the Campidoglio to cry "*Viva l'Italia!*" The Seine and the Thames salute and honour the ancient lady who reassumes her reign. Content with her realm among islands and mountains, she threatens only the fronts of tyrants. Wherever a tyrant strikes the people her sons will come forth by land and sea!

The burden is, 'Get out of Italy, get out, for it is time; get out of Italy, get out, O stranger!' The whole song is composed in the most ordinary and familiar terms of daily life.

The well-known American song 'Hail Columbia!' was written by Joseph Hopkinson, who died at Philadelphia in 1842. In the celebrated case of *Rush v. Cobbett* he was the leading counsel for the plaintiff. But he is chiefly famous for his 'Hail Columbia!' which was written in 1798, at the request of an actor named Fox, to be sung at his benefit. The poem is not remarkable for originality of sentiment or energy of expression. It is difficult to understand the cause of its popularity.

It is to a certain F. S. Key that we are indebted for the information that

'The star-spangled banner in triumph doth  
O'er the land <sup>wave</sup> of the free and the home  
of the brave.'

Key also was more of a lawyer than a poet. This popular national lyric was inspired and partially composed while the author was detained in the British fleet, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry near Baltimore, of which Key was an anxious and of course interested witness.

'Rule Britannia' is said to have been written by Thomson, the author of the *Seasons*, but more probably belongs to Mallet, who joined with him in writing *Alfred*, a masque in which the song first appeared. Southey refers to this well-known ode as the political hymn of England, 'so long as she maintains her political power.' The sentiments contained in it are too well known to need repetition.

It is difficult to find among the swarm of battle-songs any with more martial spirit than that about the drummer-boy, composed by O'Keefe. This song represents a mere child, seduced by a sergeant's shilling, a philibeg, dirk, and blue bonnet, longing to begin the slaughter.

'Cut, slash, ram, dam, O, glorious fun!  
For a gun pop-pop change my little pop-gun!'

says this excellent infant, adding afterwards, with a polite oath, that he will commence his career of future dissipation by kissing the wife of his landlord wherever he may be quartered. With this song may be contrasted Campbell's 'Soldier's Dream'; in which—amongst the weary and wounded—a soldier dreams, lying on his straw pallet, of his pleasant country home, where the shrill life is exchanged for the voice of the lark rising at daybreak from the fallow, and the rolling drum for the boom of the bittorn among

the marshes. The distant bleating of goats browsing on the mountain-side and the cries of the corn-reapers in the field fill up the peaceful concert, which he listens to by the side of the never-failing affectionate wife and little ones. In conclusion, however, the war-broken soldier wishes he was well out of the glorious fight.

Not inferior in its general tone, and sometimes superior to Campbell's 'Soldier's Dream' in passages of rare poetic excellence, is a song called the 'Returning Banner,' written by Hervey in 1856, at the close of the Crimean war.

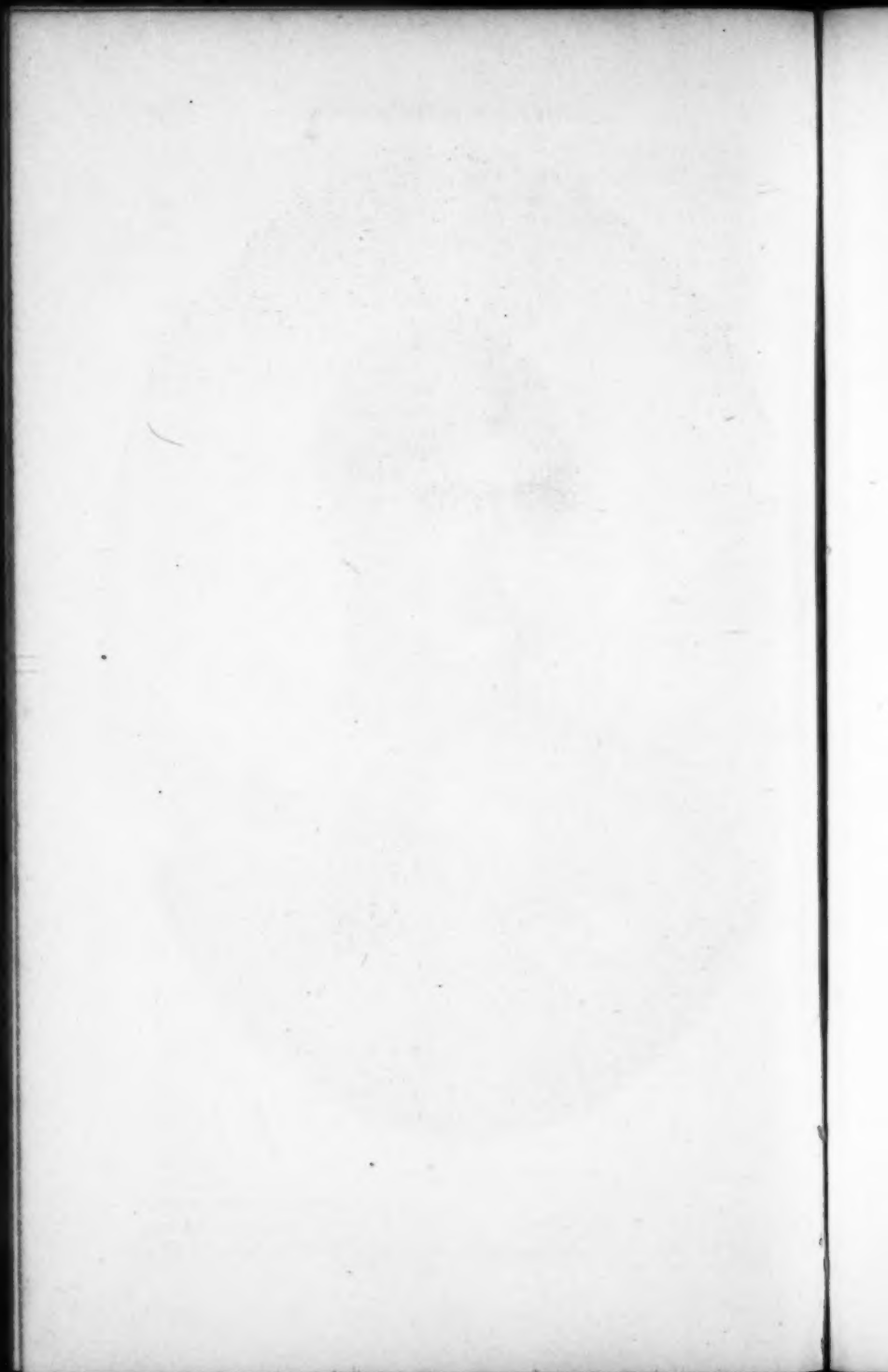
Thomas Kibble Hervey was born, in the last years of the last century, at Paisley. He was educated at the Manchester Grammar School, went to Cambridge, and was intended for the bar. But the brawling courts and dusty purlieus of the law delighted him not; he preferred the serene literary seclusion of an editorship, and for some time held that of the *Athenaeum*. Acting in this capacity, he distinguished himself by much incisive criticism and no little intelligible verse. His friends, who considered him capable of attaining the highest legal honours, held his life to be a *vie manquée*. He died in 1859. His song of the 'Returning Banner' is almost singularly free from the well-worn topics of fame and gain. The *crambe repetita* of love and music, which kills the reader, is not to be found here. There is not, as in many battle-songs, any pretence of religion, in which the groom and the lord are alike interested. This engaging lyric is equally void of overweening patriotic vanity and vulgar hypertrophied sentiment. It is as little likely as the 'Soldier's Dream' to occupy permanently a place among English battle-songs; it is too full of mournful poetic beauty. It





THEODORE KÖRNER.

See BATTLE-SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS.



sings simply of an old banner,  
borne home by brave and fortunate  
heroes from the battle-field—  
an old banner, soiled and torn and  
ragged, but with a star peeping  
through every rent in its ancient  
folds; a rare roving old banner,  
that has seen itself, as in a mirror,  
reflected in many waters, and  
which every wind that blows about  
this world has waved. Even the  
atmosphere in which it floats in  
the populous city

'Feeds freedom like a flower;'

while in the solitude of the wil-  
derness it

'Flaps unheard on many a coast,  
Where, but for its lonely play,  
The sighing wind and the sad sea-wave  
Are by themselves all day.'

So many rich thoughts are en-  
shrined in the last three stanzas  
that they merit entire quota-  
tion:

'Our flag was old—that still is young—  
Like the stars by which it steered,  
When first in the East, with its deserts  
gray,

The crescent sign appeared;  
And ages long since the Lion-heart  
By the brave old banner stood,  
Where the Western horde on the Paynim  
poured,

To the cry of the rosy rood.  
That banner hath been forth again!  
We'd bear it to the last,  
Though but a rag  
Of the good old flag  
Hung fluttering round the mast!

Its crimson fold, to the breeze unrolled,  
Makes yet a glorious tune,  
When the Red-cross knights are moul-  
dered all

Who bayed the Moslem moon.  
On the sunny seas o'er which they sailed  
To the shores on which they died,  
O'er the silver sheen in the standard  
green,

And the White Cross\* by its side,  
Hath waved our succouring banner!  
And we'd lift it to the last,  
Though, &c.

'Twas a thousand years since the eagles  
died

That flew so high and far,  
Ere rose on the world, o'er the distant  
wave,  
The flag of the Western Star.

\* The white cross is borne in the flag of  
Sardinia.

We have eagles now, black, red, and  
white,

But none like the birds of yore!  
And the Lilies withered in the field  
Where burns the Tricolor,  
Fast by the tameless Lions,  
Which we'd follow to the last,  
Though, &c.

But in many songs like these  
the Cain element, as Coleridge  
would call it, is kept too fre-  
quently in the background. They  
seem absolutely devoid of all mili-  
tary enthusiasm. They form a  
*hortus siccus*, a collection of dried  
sapless specimens. They are dead  
to all sense of high martial  
feeling, and even to a decent  
respect for simple patriotism and  
natural courage. Such lines pro-  
ceed from a heart drenched in the  
Idle Lake, in the loathsome  
waters of cowardice. They might  
have been written by one who  
has entertained the silly argu-  
ments which endeavour to show  
war to be unchristian. As if  
everybody did not know that it is  
quite right for bodies of men to do  
what is quite wrong for an individ-  
ual; that killing our enemies in  
battle is quite consistent with  
loving them elsewhere; that our  
duties to respect the Sabbath and  
overcome evil with good must yield  
to what Paley has so clearly shown  
to be expedient and even neces-  
sary; that Christ's disarming Peter  
has nothing to do with a national  
engagement; that a man may not  
revenge his own actual wrongs,  
but is bound to revenge with all  
his might even the imaginary in-  
juries offered to his rulers; that  
only aggressive wars are unjustifi-  
able, and that every war in the  
memory of man has been defen-  
sive; and finally, that every war  
is undertaken solely to promote  
peace and good-will on earth, and  
to hasten that period when swords  
shall be turned into ploughshares,  
and the pruning-hook beaten out  
of the spear.

J. M.

## THE ROMANCE OF OLD LONDON.

No. VII. CANNON-STREET STATION.

A Song of To-day.

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GRAY, gray  
Breaks to-day,  
Where the mowers begin their reaping ;  
Darkly gray  
To-day, to-day  
Dawns where London is sleeping ;  
Gray, gray,  
Dewy and gray,  
Rising o'er meadow and hill ;  
Gray, gray,  
Misty and gray,  
Hiding the river chill.  
Far away,  
On moisten'd clay,  
Bend crops in fertile ridges ;  
Over the Thames the shadows stay,  
And cling about the bridges.  
On uplands acres of golden grain  
Ripe for the sickle stand ;  
Over Cannon-street Bridge the workman's train  
Carries a dusty band :  
Man and boy, man and boy,  
Fustian and corduroy ;  
Pick and axe,  
Hammer and tacks,  
Mallet, chisel, and plane ;  
To-day, to-day,  
Through the morning gray,  
Rushes the workman's train :  
' To-day, to-day,  
We'll work as we may,  
We'll fight against want and sorrow ;  
To-day, to-day,  
For who can say  
But we may strike to-morrow ?  
  
Eight o'clock !  
By river and dock  
The sun is gathering brightness ;  
The mists still stay  
By the arches gray,  
Though the air is growing in lightness ;  
And the bridges seem  
To belong to a dream,

Based only on fancy airy ;  
While their massive piers,  
That have stood for years,  
Look but the work of a fairy.  
Eight, eight !  
And a living freight  
The train into Cannon-street whirls,  
Clerk and porter,  
Bagman and sorter,  
And beves of telegraph-girls.  
Eight, eight !  
Not a moment they wait,  
But away to their patient toiling ;  
Women and men  
Of flying pen,  
Plodding on, never recoiling :  
'To-day, to-day,  
To work as we may,  
To fight against want and sorrow ;  
To-day, to-day,  
For who can say  
But our work may be gone to-morrow ?

Ten, ten !  
The responsible men  
Minute by minute is bringing ;  
And by every train  
Comes part of the brain  
That keeps the great City swinging.  
Ten o'clock !  
They can send a shock  
To the uttermost parts of the nation ;  
Ten o'clock !  
How they flock  
Under the roof of the station !  
Fortunes and lives  
Of children and wives,  
Of hard-working sisters and brothers,  
To make or mar  
In the ceaseless war  
They wage for themselves and others :  
'To-day, to-day,  
To toil as we may,  
With loss or wealth for our guerdon ;  
For the black hearse waits  
At the platform-gates—  
Waits for the coffin and burden.  
To-day, to-day,  
To toil as we may,  
To fight against shame and sorrow ;  
To-day, to-day,  
For who can say,  
We may fail or die to-morrow ?

*Cannon-street Station.*

'Stay, stay !'  
 To-day, to-day,  
 Where the City's great heart is beating ;  
 'Stay, stay !'  
 To-day, to-day,  
 Cries out by its moments fleeting ;  
 To-day, to-day,  
 Whether sad or gay,  
 We welcome the fresh morning air ;  
 To-day, to-day,  
 One second we stay  
 To join in the City's prayer ;  
 To-day, as we toss  
 From profit to loss,  
 'Domine dirige nos ;  
 Domine dirige nos.'\*

L. ALLDRIDGE.

\* The City motto.





## CHRISTMAS-DAY IN ROME.

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HALF-PAST five! A loud knocking at our bedroom-door. It is the Swiss porter, the only one of the two hundred denizens of our hotel awake at this hour. He was ordered to call us early, that we might be at St. Peter's for the pastoral music at seven. So a grope for the matches, a hasty toilet by the scanty light of the *bougie*; we blow it out and leave our room, forgetting that gas is not kept burning all night through in the corridors. We shall have to grope our way down a long passage and four flights of stairs in the dark; and if any one should chance to come— But we are already at the top of the first flight. Steps are approaching; we fear a collision. '*Qui va là?*' We are answered by the well-known voice of a Prussian officer, bound on the same errand as ourselves, who comes at once to the rescue, producing from his pocket fusees, and leaving a grand illumination on each landing, we descend. We pass out beneath a clear frosty starlit sky, to walk for half an hour through the narrow streets paved with little worn squares of lava which form the dismal approach from the Spanish quarter to the Trastevere. Noisy enough they are by day, when foot-passengers have to creep along by the shop-doors to avoid being run over by the carriages, which take up nearly all the street; so it is a new phase in our experience of the city to find them silent and deserted. When we emerge on the banks of the Tiber, we enjoy standing at our ease on the bridge

of St. Angelo, unjostled by the crowd, looking up at the statues, which rise majestic in the starlight, and down at the tawny rushing flow beneath. On, under the castle and the drawn sword of the archangel: the blind beggar is not in his corner of the pavement, for no sun can reach it for several hours yet. There is not the usual display of rosaries, bronze Peters, Dying Gladiators, photos of Pio Nono, and other strangers' wares, to attract our notice along the narrow Borgo; and when it suddenly opens into the grand piazza, the colonnades, obelisk, and steps lack their usual animation. All lies still and grand beneath the stars, like a face with finely-chiselled features, most majestic when seen in sleep. There are no maimed beggars with badges (authorised objects of pity); the photograph-vendors have not yet begun to ply their trade. One branch of business alone is carried on upon the topmost step before entering the vestibule; it is hiring out camp-stools for the chapel. The well-dressed gentleman who holds back the heavy leather curtain as you enter, and surprises you, on receiving your bow of acknowledgment, by holding out his hat, does not, however, fail in his courtesy even at this early hour. The vast nave seems larger and wider than ever as we look up to the distant lights burning around the central shrine, before which kneels the marble Pope; all the rest is dimness till we join the waiting crowd before the gates of the Virgin's chapel. Service

will be held here as usual; for it can only be celebrated at the high altar by the Pope himself, and 'the Church is in mourning;' so its head takes no part in these public ceremonies. The usual English element predominates in the crowd; some determined sight-seers have already been standing an hour outside these locked gates, while we have waited barely two minutes. When they open, the living mass surges on into the blaze of light, and fills all the vacant space. Of course no seats are provided; the faithful kneel all the time on the cold marble floor, which would assuredly produce rheumatism in a heretic. The corners of the pillars afford one or two seats, but these are speedily occupied, and people are still surging in; so that it is difficult to keep even standing-room. A young countrywoman of ours has audaciously seated herself in one of the canon's vacant stalls; we glance inquiringly, and are answered by a kind smile and readiness to make room for us. We follow the bold example, and ensconce ourselves comfortably above the crowd to watch the numerous figures that gather at our feet—*contadini* in their picturesque velveteens and goatskin leggings, leading little children by the hand (when must they have started from their homes on the hills to be here at so early an hour?); denizens of the town, whose commonest gesture and expression were worthy of a buffo-singer; below us sat one in particular, whose long nose and flexible lips might have adorned the cover of some comic periodical. Then entered the procession; its leading figure the Archbishop of Malta, in white-satin mitre studded with gems, while a gold one is borne before him on a cushion; the acolytes with their long thick

tapers; the host of canons and minor canons, distinguished by their respective tippets of gray and white fur. The music rolls, voices break forth from the gallery above, and the ceremonial proceeds. The old canons are very drowsy; they are principally engaged in exchanging pinches of snuff, passed round in boxes bearing the Pope's likeness; but they rouse up when the time comes for giving the kiss of peace, which is transferred regularly from priest to priest, each in turn laying both hands on his neighbour's shoulders. We have been enjoying our survey for some time unmolested, when we attract the verger's attention, and he marches up, staff in hand, to protest against the intrusion. We appeal to his feelings, and ask where we are to find room; he looks at the dense crowd, shrugs his shoulders, and offers to let us remain in possession if we will descend to a seat on the footstools: we are glad enough to compromise and take this humbler position. Presently the sun's beams fall aslant the walls, shaming the lights and decorations. We pass out into the nave, and can now see that each of the massive pillars is clothed half-way with crimson satin. The steps leading down into the piazza are busy enough now; the man with the campstools is still there, for at nine o'clock there is to be a second service.

By that time we are breakfasting on the English baker's delicious brown bread, and ready for our walk through the sunny piazza, under the terraces of the Pincio, past the obelisk and lions, to the English church just outside the Porta del Popolo, where maidenhair fern and camellias wreath the candelabra, mingling with laurel and mistletoe to re-

mind us that we are in a foreign land, though commemorating our festival in an English church.

After lunch we start in an exactly opposite direction to reach one of the finest of Roman basilicas, Santa Maria Maggiore, also called, from its old tradition of foundation, Santa Maria della Neve. The walk thither leads us up the steep street by the Barberini Palace, in front of which stands the newly-erected statue of Thorwaldsen, dwarfed by the gigantic scale of its surroundings; past the Quattro Fontane, where lie the four ancient river-gods under the house-walls, sending forth perpetual gurgling streams of delicious water into the basins at the four street-corners; past the Via Venti Settembre, declared by its newly-bestowed title to be that through which Victor Emanuel's troops entered the Eternal City. We stand for a second beneath the lofty Portugal laurels of a neighbouring garden, so altered by the clusters of purple fruit which cover each bough that at first we fail to recognise the old friend of our home-gardens. The street is now seen to be one long straight line, extending from obelisk to obelisk; that on the north is in front of the Trinità del Monte, while one to the south rises on the well-known Esquiline, whose summit is crowned with the domes and tower of Santa Maria Maggiore. We generally walk hither along a quiet road, its one familiar figure being the old woman with the brazier and chestnuts; but to-day the world is all astir: bands of students from the colleges are walking hither two by two, in those picturesque robes which serve to distinguish their nationality, and are one of the main elements in that bright colouring by which the streets of Rome are distinguished;

while surely every carriage in the city must be driving up and depositing its load before the steps of the basilica. The poor cripples have a hard day's work in lifting the heavy curtains for each party who enters the church. Let us hope that it is profitable enough to make the day one of rejoicing to them also.

And what is the scene inside? The grandest promenade concert imaginable. Strains of chanting *récho* from invisible singers in galleries on either side the tribune; every pillar is draped with crimson, and from it are suspended grand chandeliers of drop-glass; thousands and thousands of wax-lights are burning; the fine old mosaics glitter. One beauty of the church alone is entirely concealed—its fine pavement of Alexandrine mosaic; for over it swarm thousands of human beings—a moving mass of all nations and costumes. There kneels a Sister of Charity, absorbed in her devotions and undisturbed in the midst of lively groups; there a group of American visitors discussing the marbles in the Borghese chapel. Every one of the spacious side-chapels is thrown open and well lighted; while the confessionals in the side-aisles are occupied by priests armed with long wands, with which they bestow a tap of benediction on the heads of the faithful, who kneel as they pass. We watch the kaleidoscopic scene, and see the groups part and form again as the procession of the *Presepio* passes up the nave and circles round the Borghese chapel, its approach announced by the white umbrella, accompanied by lighted tapers, acolytes, and priests in their most gorgeous vestments, Monsignor de Mérode, Archbishop of Malta, again among them. We leave the blaze of light for the dim nightfall without, reaching

our hotel in time to assist in putting final touches to the Christmas-tree, which has just been brought into the *salon*, and is to dawn in full splendour on the assembled company after the *table d'hôte*. In deference to the English and American element in the gathering, the dinner ends with dishes figuring on the *menu* as 'means-pie' and 'plump-pudding;' then the waiters hand round silver trays bearing a tiny bouquet for each visitor, their own offering in honour of the day. Danes and Italians begin to exchange formal speeches in French, complimenting each other's country, when they are cut short by an English speech from an American editor, rising to announce the arrangements made for the evening. It is to conclude with a dance, as the landlord has engaged a musician on purpose. The German waiters throng about the door to watch our proceedings; for they take a thorough interest in the hotel-tree. We draw lots for its fruits of Roman pearls, scarves, cos-

tumes, boxes of *confetti*, books in white-vellum bindings, Venetian glass, and ladies' gloves (the latter, of course, falling to the gentleman with the largest hand); then all the children staying in the house make a combined and persevering assault on the gilt walnuts and silver-cages of dried fruit with which it is covered. The room is next cleared for dancing, and the musician introduced; English, French, German, and American couples show their respective steps and whirl round, giving the carpet the best beating it is likely to receive for many a month. Large plants, decorated with artificial flowers, line the entrance, and all looks like a festive night. Nor do we disperse till we have trespassed on the new day which is to scatter the merry party into so many groups, north and south, never to meet again. 'Of meetings and partings our life is composed;' but we never realise this so fully as when each day finds us surrounded by new scenes and new faces.

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## TAKEN RED-HANDED.

'This way, señor; this way!'

It was only an office-boy who spoke, but he was a precocious youth, and he flattered himself he knew a Spanish gentleman when he saw one. And Spanish gentlemen were well known in that office hard by the Strand, for it was especially devised for holding communion with Spanish gentlemen—of the Carlist persuasion; and, in fact, was the headquarters of the London committee for aiding the Pretender to the Spanish throne.

A dark, gloomy, saturnine young man, handsome withal, but appearing overborne with some deep feeling, was he now in the hands of that office-boy; and his question, uttered in English so broken as to be almost destroyed, had been to the effect that he was in search of a Mr. Edward Royston who was at the taking of Estella in February of the current year (1876), and was believed to have fled to England on the collapse of the Carlist cause—Did the London Committee know anything of the gentleman?

'Well, I should jolly well think so,' said the office-boy, who had now perched himself on an office-stool, and was trying to look altogether as official as he could, considering his diminutive inches and his very juvenile appearance: 'I should jolly well think so. Why, he's one of our great guns, is Mr. Royston; bin a-fighting there like winkin'!'

'Ah, yes, "great guns"—what you call cannon; but he can run as well as fight—better than fight, for he runs with the plunderer.'

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This gibberish the office-boy could not understand, more especially as it was emphasised with a ferocious glance which made him feel queer; so he hastily asked what he could do for the señor, and for the rest of the interview he was, as he subsequently told a fellow office-boy round the corner, 'all in the humble-pie business.'

Could he introduce the new comer—who gave his name as Blas Gelasco, a captain of Carlists—to any responsible member of the Committee able to talk Spanish, for the captain's English was very indifferent to speak, though he was able to read it fluently.

No, the office-boy could not; for none of them that he knew of were in town just then, but he could forward any letters.

Letters? Pest! They were useless, for the matter was urgent. Where was Mr. Royston to be found?

The office-boy turned to his books with excellent alacrity, and, the place being found, read from them with great satisfaction—for that fierce hungry eye of Señor Gelasco's never moved from him—'Edward Royston, Esq., Lakelands, near Ambleside, Westmoreland.'

Glancing up quickly as he pronounced the last word, the boy noticed that his visitor was toying nervously with something looking remarkably like the butt of a pistol stuck in his bosom, and the office-boy felt more queer than ever.

'And it is his living—what you call?—where he does live?'

'Yes, that's his address; sure

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to find him there,' was the hasty reply, not that the lad had any authority for the assertion beyond the evidence of his books; but, truth to say, he feared the unwholesome gleam of Blas Gelasco's eye, and would gladly see him out of the place.

The Spaniard remarked the effect he had produced; he knew fear when he saw it, and he also knew its value for his own ends.

'And say to me,' he went on, 'in that book is there the living of—of—one Nella—ah!—Nella—'

'O yes,' interrupted the precocious one; 'funny name, and I remember it well. Never heard it before.'

He galloped over the pages at a great rate, paused, spoke:

'Yes, here it is—a lady—Nella Fitzgibbon. Why, it's the same address as Mr. Royston's!'

The dark look on the Spaniard's face grew black as Erebus, and a passion the lad knew not of, as yet, made the man's dark features writhe again. It was the writhing of revenge.

But he mastered it in a moment, and calmly asked:

'She lives there, then?'

'Yes, certainly; it seems she lives there with him.'

'Ah, thank you, my young friend. I will see this—ah!—Roystone. Here is for your information. I thank you.'

Placing a paper on the counter he passed hastily out, and was lost in the tramping crowds of the Strand before the office-boy had recovered from his surprise, had opened the little packet, and found inside a couple of English sovereigns. Then he ran after Blas Gelasco to return the money, but that romantic personage had vanished in the surging tide of humanity round Charing Cross; and when the youth got back to

his desk he found another gentleman waiting him.

'Why, Mr. Royston?' he cried: 'Good gracious, if you had only been here a minute ago!'

'Well, and if I had, William, what then?'

The speaker was a straight young Saxon, bronzed a little in the face—a blue-eyed, yellow-haired model of the English gentleman of good blood—and he was dressed faultlessly, but as one is who has 'just run up to town, you know, all in the rough.'

'Why, there was, not a second ago, a Spanish fellow—ahem! gentleman, I mean—inquiring after you.'

'Yes; and what did he want?'

'Well, Mr. Royston, he had a pistol!'

The other laughed. He had seen a good deal of active service, off and on, with Don Carlos; for he was one engaged in the very dangerous business of supplying that hero's army with money and arms, and he took a hand in the fighting whenever he came across any. Therefore he was not to be frightened by the mention of a pistol, though William was, and said so with considerable energy.

'Yes, Mr. Royston, I was scared a bit; and, d'ye know, he got your address out of me!'

'Did he leave his own?'

'No; I clean forgot to ask him. Perhaps it's—'

But no; there was no writing whatever on the paper in which the gold had been wrapped; and William looked like one expecting a rare blowing-up. He did not get it, however; for Ed. Royston was a kind as well as reckless fellow, and he supposed the Spaniard was some half-crazed refugee from the war, unable as yet to get rid of the habit of carrying weapons. William was more affected.



'But I say, Mr. Royston, I know his name—Mr. Blas Gelasco!'

The English Carlist started violently, and for a moment his sun-yellowed face grew white as death. But he immediately put from him whatever thought had occasioned that deadly pallor, and laughed.

'Pshaw!' he said, 'what a fool I am! The name's common enough, and the poor fellow's bones are bleached long ago on the mountain-slopes about Ramosa. Or else this chap's an impostor.'

But that view did not suit the boy William at all. The strange manner of the visitor had made a deep impression on his nervous organisation, and he could not drive those fierce black eyes from his mental vision.

'And, Mr. Royston,' he went on, 'he got Miss Nella Fitzgibbon's address out of me too; same as yours, you know.'

'Same as mine, you thundering young idiot! Why, you don't know mine! What d'ye mean?'

Ed. Royston was really alarmed as well as angry now. Why, William could not make out. So the latter turned to his books in his confusion, and read out, one after another, the Lakelands direction, entered after the names of both gentleman and lady. Royston thought aloud,

'Blas Gelasco and Nella Fitzgibbon! Good Heavens, he can't have—'

'Hillo, Royston! Just the man I want. But what's this about Miss Fitzgibbon and Gelasco? Strange, I wished to speak to you about that very fellow, and came in here to get your address.'

The speaker was a stout, florid, elderly gentleman, who had hurriedly entered the office just as Ed. Royston was speaking. He

had a bundle of railway-rugs in one hand, a travelling-coat across the other arm.

'And a precious address you'd have got,' answered Royston ruefully. 'They've got me down in their books as at Lakelands still.'

'Phew!' whistled out the other, then laughed. 'Jove, wouldn't your uncle swear! and he, after driving you out of Lakelands and cutting you off with the traditional shilling four years ago for your Spanish—ahem!—fandangoes!' He looked at his watch, then went on, 'Gad, though, I shall miss my train. Say, Royston, can't you run down with me to Chislehurst and dine with a fellow? This man calling himself Gelasco has written me—'

'Did he mention Nella Fitzgibbon?'

'He did, and very unpleasantly. We must protect her against schemers.'

'Then I'm with you. There's more in this pursuit than I thought.'

'Trot along then, or we shall be late.'

Away they went, up to the Charing-cross Terminus, and Master William put the two sovereigns in his pocket to keep until—they were called for.

Nella Fitzgibbon was a mystery.

How she came to be at Lakelands at all was known only to Mr. Royston himself—a dry old man, who did things and left things undone without ever dreaming of explaining the why or the wherefore to his three daughters, unmarried ladies who had faded into confirmed celibacy, because, forsooth, they were too dignified and proud to stoop to those engaging little mannerisms—nay, 'arts' were too harsh a word—which land many a gay young fellow in the net matrimonial.

They had no mother to bring them up in the [modern] way they should go in search of husbands—result, they were still of the sisterhood of Cologne.

'Papa,' Matilda the eldest had said one day, three years before this record opened, 'Anna Kerdle is actually going to— O, it is shocking!'

'The dreadful girl!'

'Really too shocking!'

He looked up at the trio testily. He had a bad attack of the gout, and that malady is no improver of the temper.

'Going to do what? *What is shocking?*'

'Well, papa, she is going to—'

All three began to reply, and then stopped.

'Do go on, one of you, and don't all speak together like a set of parrots. What is it, Matilda?'

'To be married!'

'Deuced sensible girl too.' He was just a little fond of snubbing these three daughters of his—'the candlesticks,' as they were nicknamed in the region of the Lakes, from their tallness, stiffness, and whiteness of appearance—for he held that he was hardly used by them in the matter of a total absence of grandchildren; and the withering tone in which Matilda had said, 'To be married!' argued an abhorrence on the part of that lady as though the words had been 'To be hanged!'

'But you don't know who to, papa;' so, Chorus, in the shape of the other two.

'Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me?'

'To young Howick, the yeoman!'

That sealed Anna Kerdle's fate as lady-housekeeper at Lakelands—she was also a distant relative of the Roystons—for the old Squire was a fanatic in the point of the mingling of high blood

with low blood, of the Squirearchy with Yeomanhood—and he sent the three fast-fading maidens from the study, in which he was nursing his gout, positively amazed with the vindictive feeling he gave utterance to regarding the degraded Anna. Six weeks afterwards—the office of housekeeper having meanwhile been in commission—a hired carriage from the distant railway station at Amble-side drove up the long wooded avenue at Lakelands, and Mr. Royston, receiving the sole occupant with all the courtesy due to a lady, presented Miss Nella Fitzgibbon to his daughters as their future companion, who would also relieve them of all further anxiety regarding household matters. She had been recommended, he subsequently told them, by an old friend of his (no less than our florid friend of Chislehurst); she was a perfect gentlewoman in every respect; she had had misfortunes which, for a time, had alienated her reason, and therefore she was not to be questioned, directly or indirectly, regarding her belongings or her past.

That was all he told; truly, that was all he knew; but he did not communicate that absence of further knowledge to the Misses Royston, lest those somewhat austere damsels should take heart of grace, and resent the intrusion upon them of a young and handsome person whose antecedents were, to say the least, considerably veiled in mystery. By preserving the reticence to which they were well accustomed, old Mr. Royston at the same time preserved himself from the worry of having questions put to him that he would be unable to answer; and Nella Fitzgibbon entered upon her new life with a clean bill of health, so far as the inhabitants of Lakelands were aware.

And she had great tact, had Miss Fitzgibbon, as well as a shrewd natural capability for managing the household, which speedily made her as really the mistress as though she had been born to that position. The servants respected her, for she was firm, though kind; while she would permit not a shadow of that familiarity which the grovelling tastes—so the Misses Royston put it—of poor Anna Kerdle had rather encouraged than otherwise. All went with the regularity of clockwork: the meals were on the table to the moment; the little wants of the three ladies, who were very delicate in health, were most punctiliously attended to; and the Squire, after a remarkably brief time, declared that Nella was a perfect treasure, and moreover—wonderful praise from him, for he was apt to make the most of the weakest point in the characters of all around him—that she was the first lady he had ever known who combined the best business qualifications with a demeanour that would more than pass muster in a palace.

The county families in the neighbourhood said he was in love with the creature; and they, in the 'd—d good-natured' vein, secretly warned his daughters that they might wake up some fine morning to find their housekeeper transformed into their stepmamma. But the Misses Royston coldly smiled at the folly; Nella, they soon came to say, was a true honest-hearted lady, and they were very glad their papa was as fond of her as they had themselves become. Still, she was a mystery, in the sense that they knew nothing whatever about her, except what she chose to tell them, and that was of the scantiest.

'I cannot sing it; O, I cannot sing it!' she had cried one even-

ing, rising from the piano—she was a glorious musician, and she was wont, at odd times, to fill the old halls of Lakelands with floods of grand music—as Priscilla Royston had opened the book at a simple little Spanish song, and had asked Nella to try it.

The sisters looked at her in astonishment. Her splendid black eyes were streaming with tears, and she left the room sobbing as though her heart would break.

'Bless my soul!' said Mr. Royston, who delighted in the girl's singing, 'what *can* have affected her!'

No one could tell him, no one could guess; so he was fain to content himself with the administration of a sharp rebuke to the innocent Priscilla, and with giving directions that in future no one was to ask Nella Fitzgibbon to perform anything unless she had first done so of her own accord. The next morning she was down, as usual, long before breakfast, and there was not the slightest trace of emotion on her rather full features. After luncheon she volunteered an explanation—she had travelled in Spain a few years ago with a very dear friend who used to sing that song; they were parted for ever, and the thoughts of those happy, happy days had upset her last evening—that was all.

Various similar circumstances, or incidents rather, had occurred from time to time, always by sheer accident; but the Roystons soon found that if she was left quite alone on such occasions no actual 'scene' took place, and with great delicacy they shaped their conduct accordingly. One point Nella never approached—the season of her temporary insanity; but yet they could not help observing to one another that there must be some trace of it still lin-

gering about the hidden chambers of her mind, for the shadow of some abiding Fate was never entirely absent from her singularly expressive features.

Nor could the sisters mention to her their own peculiar sorrow; for on the only occasion when they had, in womanly fashion, commenced in low tones to speak of it, amongst themselves but in her presence, she became fearfully excited, stopped her ears with her fingers, while she almost shrieked out,

‘Not that, not that! Spare me, O spare me, the hideousness of blood!’

They had been speaking of the Carlist war; of the shocking sternness of their father in driving from Lakelands and disinheriting their over-petted cousin, Edward Royston, for the double reason that he had become a Catholic, and was bitten with a mania for personally aiding Don Carlos; and of their hopes that the poor fellow might not be slain in any of the battles he ventured into. The moment Nella had cried out as above, they had ceased their conversation, and it was never again renewed in her presence. Nor did she offer any explanation of her emotion, and they had perforce to lay the whole of Spain and all things Spanish for the future under as strict a *tapu* as though Nella were a Maori chieftain and had ordained complete silence about the country, the people, and the events distracting it from end to end.

And so it gradually came to pass that she was left entirely to herself whenever she showed the least inclination that way; and whether she was in her room or about the house, whether she was musing—Mr. Royston called it ‘brooding’—or working, whether she was in her private boudoir or

indulging in one of her frequent long rambles in the woodlands leading over to the lake or Mere, she met with no interruption, and passed wholly unquestioned, wholly unchallenged.

The little inn in the village of Cubblebirt had a guest, on a June afternoon, of whom neither landlord nor waiter could make head nor tail. The stranger announced that he should only stay a few hours, though he would probably be backwards and forwards a good deal; ordered the best dinner and the best wine the house could afford, and then called for a sheet of note-paper, an envelope, and a boy-messenger to carry his letter to its destination. Writing materials were promptly supplied, and he sat down in the little coffee-room to indite his epistle. Suddenly he started up, said he was not sure of his geography, and asked if there was any point in the neighbourhood whence he could see Lakelands. Surely there was—a hill scarce five hundred yards away; and to that he went, carelessly leaving his letter in the blotting-pad.

He had hardly passed out by the back-door of the inn, when a fly drove up to the front one, and a passenger, who had travelled from London *via* Keswick, alighted. He was a foreigner—Blas Gelasco—and he wanted a room for the night. Ordering his solitary valise to be taken up to it, he was ushered into the coffee-room, saying that he would have dinner—anything there was—as soon as it could be got ready.

‘Yessir, certainly, sir!’ replied the waiter, and vanished.

Gelasco mooned about the apartment for a moment or two distractedly, and then his eye lit on the blotting-pad, which he opened in idleness.

Ha! what is this he sees? The envelope addressed to 'Miss Fitzgibbon, Lakelands;' the letter, couched in warm terms of affection, asking her to 'meet me in our dear old trysting-place, where the path skirts the angle of the garden-wall, and the thicket running down to the lake commences—about twilight, or perhaps a little before, will suit me; but you had better be early than late, and give me a little law if I am not there punctually. I shall be alone this time.—Yours till death, Edward Royston.'

The face of Gelasco turned a horrible greenish-yellow. His fierce black eyes sparkled again with the very concentration of passion; he stamped furiously on the floor, and the nails of his clenched fingers scored deep into the brown flesh of his hands.

'Traitor!' he cried, in his own language; 'infamous traitress and deceiver! I knew it—O, my maddened heart knew it long ago. But I will be revenged—revenge! I will be there *first*!'

The stamping brought the waiter running in, with astonishment staring from his eyes. But there was nothing unusual to be seen. Gelasco was looking out of the window at the lake, and there was no longer any sign of emotion. He calmly said he had been unable to find the bell; he had changed his mind; this room was stuffy, and he would have his dinner in his own chamber, and as soon as possible.

'Yessir; directly, sir!' and Gelasco followed the speaker up to the bedroom which had been assigned him.

Evening time—late evening time—and Nella, who had been wildly discomposed all day, had been weeping bitterly, when not hysterical (caused apparently by the receipt of her letters by the

morning mail), said she would take a little stroll, for the air from the Mere might do her good.

'But dinner, Nella, my dear,' said the Squire; 'be sure you come back in time for dinner.'

'Not if I find the evening breeze really refreshing,' she weariedly replied; 'for my poor head is very bad. No, I shall not be back to dinner in any case, and you will kindly excuse me!'

'Certainly, dear Nella, if you wish,' answered the three sisters, in varying form of words to express the same idea; and their handsome guest—she was more than lady-housekeeper, but more mistress than either—stepped out of the open French window, just as she often did, without hat or shawl, and strolled away to her left, towards the walled-in fruit-garden. It was the nearest way to the lake-side, and a very favourite lonely walk of hers, particularly at the gentle hour now commencing, when the dying day lingeringly expires in the soft arms of the coming night.

Once under shelter of the red-brick wall, still throwing out some of the June heat absorbed during the sunlight, Nella Fitzgibbon hastened her steps a little. Her hitherto languid eyes shone with a desiring flame, and by the time she had reached the path, across which began the limits of the wood, her heart was beating with a strange excitement, and she peered wistfully across the tolerably open ground lying between where she stood and the village of Cubblebirt.

'Surely he will not keep me long, dear devoted fellow!' she said, as one thinking aloud, and the great black eyes blazed again while they strained in the direction whence she expected Edward Royston.

But a greater, a blacker, a fiercer-

burning pair of eyes were watching her every gesture from behind the dark shade of a tree, only a few paces on her left-half-front; and had not her eager desire kept her rooted where she first had paused, then surely must she have seen the intruder.

Seen him, and been horrified almost past the bounds of human horror. For the most furious passion the soul of man knows—Revenge, the child of Mad Jealousy—was raging in his breast; in his breast, where also lay a trusty pistol, and on its butt a stern determined hand, grasping it with murderous intent. With his eyes he devoured her in all the radiance of her beauty; with his ears he listened for the love-words he knew must come.

Nor was he mistaken; nor had he long to wait them.

‘O Edward, Edward! O Edward, my best, my only—’

Raving madness! He drew and levelled his dreadful weapon with a ferocious execration. She heard him, shrieked wildly, sprang back as he fired, and then fell hurtling to the earth.

‘Great heavens, man, what have you done?’

Ed. Royston, as he shouted the words, flung himself from behind on Blas Gelasco. One desperate fearful struggle, and the Spaniard was pitched clean on his head out on the pathway, and right in front of the spot where poor Nella Fitzgibbon had fallen.

Royston raised her up in his arms; she was unconscious. He shook her, in his craving to see a sign of revival; but she moved not. He tried everything he could to restore her; he was quite unsuccessful. He was seized by Gelasco, who had recovered by this time from his stunning fall; his throat was gripped as with bands of steel, and his eyes were

already forcing themselves from their sockets, when two of the footmen from the house ran up and separated the pair.

‘What devil’s work is this?’ cried old Mr. Royston, who had started out when he heard the shot, and was followed by his daughters, screaming in piercing unison. ‘Edward! You here? And Nella shot! Good Lord, she’s not dead!’

Some of the female servants had now reached the scene of the tragedy. They examined Miss Fitzgibbon, but could find no trace of a wound; and Priscilla Royston for once in her life became useful, and applied her smelling-salts to the unhappy lady, who thereupon speedily revived.

‘Who’s this fellow?’ asked the old Squire, amazed out of his seven senses, as he pointed to Gelasco, firmly held by two of the men. ‘Edward, have you no tongue? What the deuce does it all mean?’

‘For the life of me, I can’t tell you, uncle. But this gentleman, Blas Gelasco, is certainly Nella Fitzgibbon’s husband.’

There was a cry of astonishment from all the assembled women—Nella excepted—that might have been heard at Cubblebirt, so ear-splitting was it.

‘And you, villain and traitor, are her paramour!’

This from Gelasco, whose struggling, foaming fury was appalling to behold.

‘Husband! my own, my darling Blas!’ came faintly from Nella, ‘are you truly alive? We had news of your death on the fatal hills of Ramosa, and—O heavens, my brain!—and the body was identified as yours.’

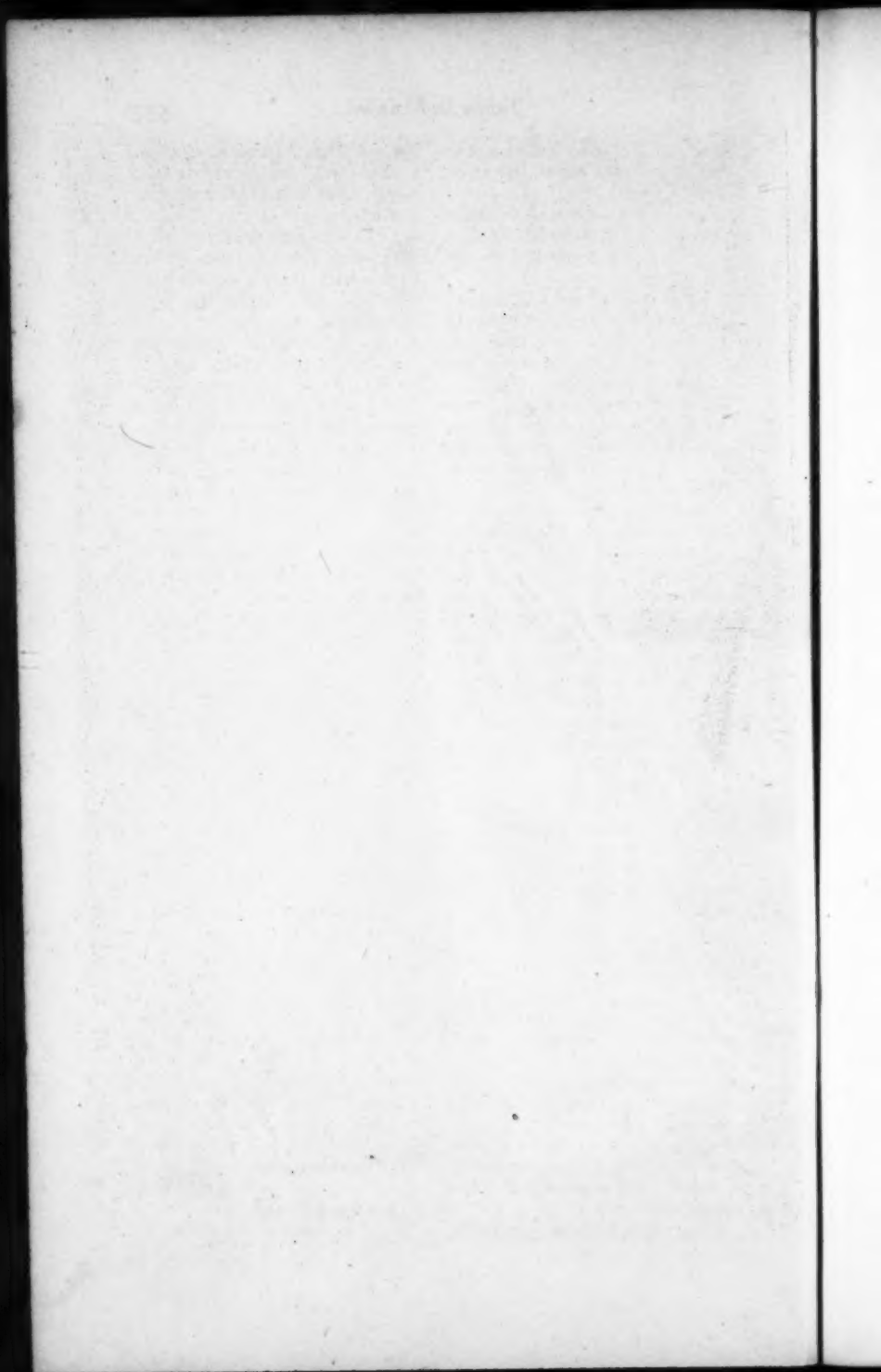
‘Mine!’—he was strangely mollified; for if ever a woman spoke the truth, Nella was speaking it





TAKEN RED-HANDED.

See the Story.



then: 'Mine! No, Nella; it was that of my poor cousin, Blas Gelasco of Vera.'

'And what did you shoot at the woman for, you scoundrel?' This from old Royston, nearly as mystified as ever.

'Uncle,' interposed Ed., 'we had better—that is to say, if you will let me enter your doors again!'

'O, stuff, stuff! Of course you may enter them. Look you, Ed.: I revoked my deed long ago. There, there, all right; you are my heir again. But, for goodness' sake, let us in, and have the whole thing cleared up.'

That it speedily was. Nella and Blas had been one of the happiest couples in Spain when the Carlist war broke out, dwelling at Osuna on the banks of the Ebro. One night, the husband being absent, the Royalists had made a sudden attack on the place, captured it, and spared no man, woman, or child they could lay hands on. Nella's infant boy was snatched from her arms, two soldiers were offering her violence, when Ed. Royston, travelling in disguise by that route the better to carry on his Carlist schemes, burst in on hearing her cries, disposed of the ruffians, placed her in his carriage, which was furnished with a Madrid official 'pass,' and succeeded in getting her away from the horrible charnel-house Osuna had suddenly become.

Three days afterwards came the news that Blas had fallen at Ramosa, and Ed., at his wit's end, had the unfortunate lady taken to Santander, where ship for England was readily procured. Her babe had never been heard of.

'Her babe—my babe—is alive and well; the soldiers spared it because of the mark of the Virgin on its little body.'

'My God, I thank you!' And

Nella fell on her knees before her husband who had uttered these words. But he held her from him, and went on:

'Did you not criminally elope with this man Royston, when Osuna fell? Have you not lived with him here, under this roof, ever since?'

But why detail an explanation that took a considerable time to make? Nella was pure as the driven snow; she had never set eyes on Ed. Royston save in the presence of a third person, even if it was only a servant or a message-boy; and to him her deepest gratitude was due for all he had done for her, including his placing her, through the kind offices of a friend of his uncle's, at Lakelands, since he had saved her life at Osuna, her reason in England. The very morning of this threatened tragedy, she had received a post-letter from him, telling her that there was some reason to believe that, after all, her husband might be alive, might even be in England; and it was to get some clue whereby he might advertise successfully for Gelasco, who had left no London address, that he had been down and sought, as he was forbidden to go near Lakelands openly, a private interview with her.

And Nella and Blas Gelasco have at this moment a sweet cottage *ornée* between Lakelands and Cubblebirt; and Ed. Royston lives, in full favour and heirship, permanently with his old uncle; and the three 'candlesticks' melt as they doat over Nella's charming little semi-Spanish boy; and 'the mystery,' Nella Fitzgibbon that was, has no longer any reason to regret that lovely June twilight when she was 'taken red-handed' trying to devise the best means of finding her husband.

STEPHEN J. MACKENNA.

## THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

### NEW BOOKS.

WE have still another work upon Egypt; we have had about half a dozen published in the course of the present year.\* We were a little doubtful whether there really could be room for another, but we are bound to say that Dr. Klunzinger has indicated a gap, and has also supplied it. His work has a preface by Dr. Schweinfurth, who of course can say more for Dr. Klunzinger than Dr. Klunzinger can very well say for himself. Dr. Schweinfurth has carried his investigations into 'the heart of Africa,' farther perhaps than any other German traveller, and he will be listened to with respect. He knew his compatriot when he first started on his travels; but while he was travelling far and wide into the interior, Dr. Klunzinger took up his permanent abode at that Red Sea port of Koseir, of which the commercial prosperity has been so greatly injured by the Suez Railway and Canal. The author can therefore claim to give us a picture such as we have not had before of local provincial towns in Egypt. He has done the same thing for provincial life as the late Mr. Lane did for Cairo. Only in these provincial towns we have none of those modernised forms of life such as have been lately portrayed for us by Mr. McCoan and M. de Léon. The book is written with a fulness of

\* *Upper Egypt: its People and its Products.* By C. B. Klunzinger, M.D. With a Prefatory Notice by Dr. George Schweinfurth. (Blackie & Son.)

knowledge evidenced on every page, and no careful reader will fail to obtain a large store of information. It ranges over many subjects. The author describes the harem, the beershop, the slave-market; we have pictures of travel by land and by the river; he takes us to the desert and to the shores of the Red Sea; he describes the flora and fauna of the country; he has a specially interesting chapter on 'The Natural Treasures of the Red Sea.' But the main interest of the work lies in his reproduction of the daily life of the fellahen of Egypt. No doubt the population is immensely overtaxed and very cruelly treated; but at the same time it is a point of honour with them not to pay their taxes unless they are cruelly treated, and they seem quite unable to comprehend that at the present time a considerable proportion of the taxes is devoted to educational purposes and the development of the resources of the country. The chapters on courtship, marriage, and female society are all interesting, with a tendency to become a little broad. He points out how, even in the immobility of Oriental life, there has been a leaning towards alteration as to the build of a ship and the character of a feast. A bill of fare, which is reprinted, is worthy of study by *gourmand* or *gourmet*. There are some pages, important only to a few, devoted to the Coptic Church, a subject which has been omitted by most modern writers. These Copts are a degenerate offshoot from the Greek Church. They

are hardly distinguishable in social life from the Moslem population, and, indeed, millions of them have passed over to the religion of Islam. The Copt priest is a monogamist; he plays the part of a match-maker to betrothing Coptic girls; he abhors the flesh of both swine and camels; he detests the Pope, and has a weakness for ardent spirits. The Roman Catholics have tried hard to win them over, but the palm of success so far rests with the Protestants. We have thought it best to allude to the varied nature of this volume, lest our readers should feel inclined hastily to pass it over, and vote that books about Egypt add one more to the list of Egyptian plagues.

A work which, in a fragmentary form, has enjoyed a considerable private circulation, has just been published in a tolerably complete book—*Memorials of Charlotte Williams-Wynn*.\* The volume reminds us of such books as the memoirs of Sara Coleridge and Mrs. Hare. Miss Williams-Wynn belonged to the Welsh family of the Watkin-Williams-Wynns, and from her early youth had the advantage of associating with some of the leaders in politics and literature. We have few such letters now as appear in this volume; we send messages mainly by telegraph instead of writing letters. The lady's great friends and correspondents were Baron Bunsen, Baron Varnhagen von Ense, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Maurice. The excellent quality of the correspondence may be guessed from the names of the writers, and the letters yield many pleasing personal references. Numerous interesting passages might be culled; we will take one or two as specimens of the work:

\* *Memorials of Charlotte Williams-Wynn*. Edited by her Sister. (Longmans.)

'In answer to your question about Lady Hester Stanhope, my father says that the idea she intends to convey, that Mr. Pitt talked much to her and took her advice, is utterly false. Some one said one day to Mr. Pitt, "What will Lady Hester say to that?" He answered very quietly, "Lady Hester and I have made a bargain together. We are each to give advice on condition that neither ever takes it."' Miss Williams-Wynn knew the society of Paris almost as well as that of London. 'Yesterday Montalembert came to see me, which was very good-natured. I liked him as you do. I should not have said he was so entirely without vanity as was represented to me, but he talked far more openly than I ever heard any man do before to a stranger. The idea of one of our statesmen discussing people and measures in the way he did would have been ludicrous.' Here is an interesting allusion to the Philosopher of Chelsea: 'I went to Cheyne-row on Monday to tea; Carlyle was very pleasant. It was very interesting to hear his account of his visit to the Bishop of St. David's, and his feelings upon morning prayers, &c., which he attended, he said, because he had no right to go to a bishop's house and not conform to his ways.' We have an interesting account of her residence at Dropmore and various places abroad. She was at Paris at the time of the *coup d'état*. Although at times her feminine logic is at fault, we will venture to predict for these letters a permanent place in literature. The occasional vague and mystic tone is to a considerable extent due to her intimacy with German thought. She certainly possessed a conscience in literary matters. 'The office of a reviewer has always seemed to me almost a holy one.

It ought to be undertaken, as the painters of the middle ages did their pictures, with a prayer beforehand, that faith and truth alone might guide their hands.' It is to be hoped that Miss Wynn was a reviewer, a position for which in some provinces at least she was highly qualified. There is a good deal of current history. She has much to say about Dean Stanley; but the Dean might ask to be saved from his friends, as she goes to hear him preach and pronounces his sermon to be heathenish. She tells us that Mrs. Southey—Caroline Bowles that was—lost half her income on marrying the poet. She tells us that Prince Albert had a strong presentiment of his early death, and strove to make the Queen acquiesce in the thought. He considered that in a future state of existence he might be able to work without the limitations with which he was encompassed in this world. The chief regret which this volume leaves us is, that we have not a fuller account of Miss Wynn's personal history. She died amid the pine-forests of Arcachon in 1869.

The *New Republic*\* is an extremely clever and amusing book. It has a vein of clear thoughtfulness and considerable learning. Through the *New Republic* we get glimpses of Plato's beyond. It is truly a *symposium*, of a much more amusing character than modern Platonic imitations; and we have other tokens of familiarity with Greek thought. The *Rejected Addresses* are not more amusing parodies than many of the speeches we have here, only they are not strictly to be called parodies, as they substantially adumbrate the teaching of such

men as Huxley, Dr. Jowett, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Pater, Dean Stanley, Ruskin, and others. Dr. Jenkinson's sermon, though much longer than most sermons, is a *reductio ad absurdum* of some fashionable preachers; we are unable to decide whether the original is Mr. Haweis or Mr. Stopford Brooke, the Master of Balliol or the Dean of Westminster. It would be easy to give a list of the supposed characters, and some are unmistakable enough under a thin disguise; but in other cases the proffered identifications are not satisfactory, or not meant to be complete so far as the author's artistic purpose is achieved. Dr. Seydon, for instance, is no clear-cut identification with Dr. Pusey, and we object altogether to any identification of the ladies in the story. How far, indeed, the author is justified in bringing living characters upon the stage with a certain amount of travesty and parody is a point which we leave to his own conscience. Certainly it is one of the most brilliant works which we have read for a long time, indeed with a larger admixture of epigram and paradox than we can recall in any. Mr. Mallock, no doubt, writes with a serious purpose. This is satisfactorily indicated by his own writings in the *Contemporary*, and by his recent article in the *Quarterly*. But his treatment of the grave themes which he discusses is not satisfactory. He has a destructive method, and not a constructive; he is a free-lance among free-lances; he breaks and blunts the weapons of scepticism, but he takes no distinct side in the conflict. There is much wit and wisdom in the work, and bright social sketches of society. But it is a society which reminds us of the ladies of

\* The *New Republic*; or *Culture, Faith, and Philosophy in an English Country House*. (Chatto & Windus.)



the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, who stole away from plague-smitten Florence to forget all external evil in story-telling.

Mr. Arthur has produced a very learned and remarkable work.\* The Vatican Council has now a large literature belonging to it, from the eight superb folios of Victor Froude to the recent articles of Cardinal Manning in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Arthur has devoted years to the elaboration of his work, which deals mainly with the Syllabus and the Vatican Council, and incidentally with the Old Catholic movement and the Falk laws. 'I have often been reminded of an incident which occurred in Rome. One of our celebrated scholars hearing what I was engaged in, exclaimed, "O, theology!" Of course, he was fresh from home. Not many minutes before, a resident diplomatist, in whose house this took place, having heard me say, "I began the study of this subject as a religious question; *but*—" smiled, and said, "Yes; *but*—you will find it is all politics, and the further you get into it, the more purely political you will find it." Mr. Arthur writes with some eloquence and considerable literary power, and with a thorough Protestantism which will be truly refreshing to many. He gives a good deal of attention to the mental attitude of such men as Dr. Newman and Bishop Dupanloup, Père Gratry and M. de Montalembert, who are not Ultramontanes, like Cardinal Manning and M. Veuillot. The practical argument against Rome, derived from the condition of Rome and the Campagna and many Roman districts, is pressed home, as it has

been pressed before by Charles Dickens, by Carlyle, and by Macaulay. Our author thinks it possible that we are on the eve of a contest on an immense scale and of long duration. We are not sure, however, that it would be quite fair in any discussion to take dirty Italian villages as an argument against Romanism, any more than to take the Seven Dials as an argument against Protestantism. 'To avert any such repetitions of past horrors, to turn the war into a war of thought, a war with the sword of the writer and of the orator, instead of that of the Zouave and the dragoon, is an object in attempting to serve which, however humbly, a good man might be content to die.' The dry nature of the subject and the closely-printed pages of two thick volumes will be repellent to that easily-repulsed individual, the general reader; but they are like those Oriental edifices and our own English colleges, which, when once we have penetrated the forbidding portal, yield undreamt-of stores of instruction and delight.

In his work on the chapel in the Tower\* Mr. Doyne Bell takes up very interesting ground. There is quite a voluminous literature belonging to the Tower—than which there is no sadder place on earth, as Macaulay said—but the recent restoration of the old church of St. Peter ad Vincula, a church associated with some of the most sorrowful reminiscences of English history, has given opportune occasion for a fresh volume. The series of historical sketches is well done, though in part they go over the same ground as that occupied by Mr. Hepworth Dixon and various other

\* *The Pope, the Kings, and the People: a History of the Movement to make the Pope Governor of the World by a Universal Reconstruction of Society.* By William Arthur. (Mullan & Son.)

\* *Notices of the Historic Persons buried in the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, in the Tower of London.* By Doyne C. Bell, F.S.A. (John Murray.)



writers. The old chapel is known to have been in existence so far back as the time of King John. There was another chapel called St. John's, but it was a place of polite resort in the days when the Tower was a palace as well as a fortress, while the pathetic expression, 'ad Vincula,' points out that St. Peter's was specially intended for prisoners. Macaulay complained that this interesting little church was like the meeting-house in a manufacturing town; but he might have added that this meeting-house had been ennobled by some of the loftiest pulpit eloquence, in the words of Henry Melville, to which this age has listened. 'Thither,' says Macaulay, 'have been carried through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts.' In the recent restoration of the chancel it was found necessary to exhume the remains of Queens Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, and the Dukes of Somerset, Northumberland, and Monmouth. They were afterwards restored, and a plan of their position will be copied on vellum and stored in the archives of the Tower. There is a deeply interesting but melancholy report made by Dr. Monatt, the Local Government Inspector: 'The bones found in the place where Queen Anne Boleyn is said to have been buried are certainly those of a female in the prime of life, all perfectly consolidated and symmetrical, and belonging to the same person. The bones of the head indicate a well-formed round skull, with an intellectual forehead, straight orbital ridge, large eyes, oval face, and rather square full chin—a well-formed woman

of middle height, with a short and slender neck. The hand and feet bones indicate delicate and well-shaped hands and feet, with tapering fingers and a narrow foot.'

Mr. Manley's book on fishing\* will have a great charm for many readers. Mr. Manley will, however, excuse us for saying that at present he lags considerably behind Izaak Walton, who, besides being an excellent fisherman, possessed the perfection of literary style. Mr. Manley's book is rather practical and anecdotic than anything else. Fishing in lonely secluded districts is closely akin to painting and poetry; but with Mr. Manley we are so busy with tackle and bait, that there is not much time left for anything else. His favourite river is the Thames, and in the Thames his favourite fish is the trout. He thinks that no trout in the world equals the genuine Thames trout. The misfortune is that there are so few of them. You may calculate the fish in almost any given range of water, and only about one fish in four is taken. We are sorry to hear that the Thames fishermen, although their charges for their punts and services are high, find the business too uncertain, and their number is decreasing. All Thames anglers will like Mr. Manley's book, if only for bringing so vividly to recollection old scenes on these pleasant waters.

Irish literature is at present cropping up in a most remarkable way. No less than three new works, of very varying value, have been lately issued. We give *place aux dames* to Miss Blackburne's *Lives of Illustrious Irishwomen*.† We need hardly say that it is a

\* *Notes on Fish and Fishing.* By J. J. Manley, M.A. With Illustrations. (Sampson Low & Co.)

† *Illustrious Irishwomen.* By E. Owens Blackburne. 2 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)

lively and amusing work, in character with the nature of the subject. With the exception of the last chapter on the Ladies of Llangollen, a subject which was much discussed during the recent meeting of the Archaeological Society in that place, the work consists of narratives drawn from many sources, with much industry and good taste, of many Irishwomen, from the dim beginnings of history till the present time. There is a certain amount of originality in the Llangollen, which contains some original prose or verse by Canning and Wordsworth, and also a highly characteristic letter by Lady Mornington, the mother of the Duke of Wellington, on her son Arthur first entering the army. The memoirs of Lady Blessington and the late Lady Stirling-Maxwell are carefully and amply written, and will save the reader the trouble of referring to larger works and scattered authorities. The modern lives will prove more interesting than the somewhat archaeological portion of the earlier volume, or even such a life as that of Grainne O'Mailley, the Pirate Queen, who, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, robbed with equal impartiality both the Spanish galleons and the English merchantmen. Miss Blackburne, doubtless with the amiable desire to render her book readable, discusses ladies who are perhaps hardly worth discussion—Peg Woffington, 'blue-eyed' Belamy, and 'Perdita' Robinson. Here is the account of the last appearance of the famous or infamous Mrs. Robinson before her early death: 'On a table in one of the waiting-rooms of the opera-house was seated a woman of fashionable appearance, still beautiful, but not in the bloom of beauty's pride. She was not noticed, except by the eye of pity.

In a few minutes two liveried servants came to her, and they took from their pockets long white sleeves, which they drew on their arms. They then lifted her up and conveyed her to her carriage; it was the then helpless paralytic Perdita.' Miss Blackburne gives us a thrilling sensational story, which really might be worked up on a much larger scale. It is not at all unlike the time-honoured story of the indiscreet young lady who penetrated into Bluebeard's cupboard. This is the story of the girlish escapade of one who subsequently became the Honourable Mrs. Aldworth, and who is known as the 'Lady Freemason,' the only lady who ever attained that honour. A Freemasons' lodge was to be held at the residence of her father, Lord Doneraile, and with characteristic female imprudence and curiosity she determined to secrete herself and watch the proceedings. She found the door guarded, and being unable to make her escape, she fainted away in terror. 'The members of the lodge reassembled, and deliberated as to what, under the circumstances, ought to be done. For two long hours the wretched girl listened to the angry discussion, and heard her death deliberately proposed and seconded. It is said that she was only saved from immediate death by the moving and earnest supplication of her younger brother. She was given the option of submitting to the Masonic ordeal to the extent she had witnessed, and if she refused, the brethren were again to consult.' We feel, however, considerable difficulty in believing that the Freemasons really thought of committing murder; a respect for their own necks might have led them to a different conclusion. The literary biographies of Mrs. Hemans and Lady Morgan

are satisfactory, but the subjects are trite.

There is no doubt that Fenianism has been extremely misunderstood in England. The character of the movement has sometimes been exaggerated, but more generally has been under-estimated. Mr. Rutherford's careful and impartial narrative\* enables us to understand an important chapter of contemporary history. Fenianism, properly speaking, was an offshoot of O'Brien's rebellion in 1848. But it is more likely that Fenianism, or something like Fenianism, will for ages continue on both sides of the Atlantic. Even at the present moment it shows some symptoms of reviving both in Ireland and America. Mr. Rutherford truly says, 'Irishmen will continue to conspire until the term "Irishman," like the term "Lancashireman," becomes a mere designation of a birthplace, and ceases to signify, as it does now, a person whose name and interests are not imperial but local—until, in short, the patriotism of Irishmen is expanded beyond the narrow limits of their island by that which effected a similar change in Scotchmen: the influence of manufacturing and commercial prosperity.' The hero of the work, if we may use such an expression, is Stephens the Head-centre, who had his 1500*l.* a year for his trouble in treason-making. Mr. Rutherford believes that he is still living, but he has completely effaced himself. He lost heart in the cause, and was ignominiously deposed. Immense sums were raised, and Cluseret said, 'What fortunes in liquor disappeared down the throats of Irishmen!' Many also were paid immense sums from the Fenian

\* *The Secret History of the Fenian Conspiracy: its Origin, Objects, and Ramifications.* By John Rutherford. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

treasury for 'secret service,' &c. It is only fair to say that there is a good deal of inner history, which has been kept secret a long time, such as the decidedly clever way in which the Government intercepted Fenian funds and contrived to obtain accurate information of their proceedings. The author also comments on the manner in which Irish juries never failed to convict prisoners with whom all Irishmen were supposed to sympathise. The account of Ribbonism, and of murders perpetrated by order of the Ribbon lodges, shows the existence of an *imperium in imperio*. The story of a man being deliberately put to death by three Irish gentlemen because he had behaved badly to a young lady shows that Ribbonism travelled far beyond the region of political matters. At the present moment things are apparently peaceful and prosperous in Ireland; the recent visits of the Duke of Connaught and of Mr. Gladstone may probably be numbered among later favourable instances. But in Ireland things often move in a vicious circle. A great deal of evil is due to absenteeism; on the other hand, it is hard to blame absenteeism while there is a continued insecurity of life and property. Mr. Rutherford's work is unavoidably dry, but it is written with a good deal of tact. It is of course anti-Fenian; at the same time, there is a side to Fenianism which may elicit sympathy, and to this side he has done justice.

Mr. Sullivan's work, to a considerable degree, traverses the same ground as Mr. Rutherford's.\* It is a still livelier work; it is written with considerable literary ability, and in a calm impartial tone which will be an agreeable surprise to many who are familiar

\* *New Ireland.* By A. M. Sullivan. 2 vols. (Sampson Low, Marsten, & Co.)

with Irish politics. Assuredly Mr. Sullivan will not injure himself with the English public by the frankness of his language. 'I do not pretend to be dispassionate. I have borne an active part in some of the stormiest scenes of Irish public life for at least a quarter of a century; and I wish to hold my place as a man of decided views and strong convictions.' Mr. Gladstone has given public praise to Mr. Sullivan's book, which is reasonable enough, as Mr. Sullivan gives the highest praise to Mr. Gladstone's Irish legislation. As might naturally be expected from Mr. Sullivan's share in attempted legislation respecting liquor in Ireland, he devotes one of his earliest chapters to the career of the noble-minded Capuchin, Father Mathew. The mournful decade between 1847 and 1857, in which more than a million of people were cleared off the country by famine and eviction, is dwelt upon with characteristic eloquence and pathos. It is only necessary to enumerate the headings of different chapters—'Forty-eight,' 'The Encumbered Estates Act,' 'The Tenant League,' 'The Brass Band,' 'The Phoenix Conspiracy,' 'The Fenian Movement,' 'Home Rule'—to indicate how Mr. Sullivan takes in detail each great Irish movement, and in each case he does so in a graphic and animated way. The chapter with which we feel the least sympathy is that entitled 'The Scaffold and the Cell.' We do not see how the execution of the Manchester murderers could possibly be avoided. Moreover, although it seems an ungracious thing to say, we have no doubt that Mr. Sullivan himself was very properly imprisoned. We are glad to see that he acknowledges the leniency, and we imagine that his brief confinement con-

siderably added to his moral culture. It must not, however, be imagined that these two volumes are entirely absorbed by Irish politics. Mr. Sullivan shows considerable literary skill in weaving in anecdote and dramatic action with the main staple of his work. A country like Ireland will never be deficient in these elements. The wild sensational story of the attempted abduction of Miss Arbuthnot by Squire Carden is told quite from a novelistic point of view, while the preceding chapter, 'The Suicide Banker,' which recounts the sinister career of John Sadleir, unites a political treatment with a story of the deepest tragedy. The chapter on the Kerry election relates electoral scenes which have always abounded in Irish history, but which have passed away for ever with the introduction of the Ballot Act. Mr. Sullivan naturally dwells with complacency on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and we trust he is right in his opinion that it has issued far more prosperously than ever could have been expected by the Protestants of Ireland. He is of course delighted with the election of sixty Home Rulers in the last Parliament. This cheering fact imparts a roseate hue to his last pages. It is, however, a very serious consideration that if a general election took place on an early day, and the same number were returned, in all probability the balance of political forces would rest with the Irish contingent. The political organisation of the Irish in large English towns is another fact in the calculation. We mentally cheer Mr. Sullivan's perorating words: 'What the veil of the future may hide is not given to man to know. Enough for us that in skies long darkened and torn by cloud and storm thrice-blessed signs of peace

and hope appear. The future is with God.'

Mr. Sime's work on Lessing\* is an admirable one. He has done well, and what no English writer has ever done before him, in bringing together a complete account of the life and writings of Lessing. Mr. Sime has wisely selected his ground as a great epoch in the history of literature, and the execution of his work is equal to the conception. Mr. Sime has no ordinary qualifications for his task. He is already the author of a valuable handbook on German history, and has a large and accurate acquaintance with German literature. At the same time he is intimately acquainted with all the currents of contemporary thought in our own day, and what we may call the 'modern tone' is very perceptible throughout all his work. Indeed, one of the few drawbacks which the work presents is that he weaves into the eighteenth century much that more properly belongs to the nineteenth. Mr. Sime, however, anticipates the objection in his preface, in which he claims for Lessing the ideal of the best qualities of the nineteenth century, qualities the most characteristic of our epoch. We think, too, that Mr. Sime is so exhaustive in his criticisms as to be sometimes exhausting. We question if it were worth while to subject the *Sara Sampson* and other minor works to careful analysis—life is too short for this order of criticism. Still it is thoroughly German, and contains morsels of criticism which Lessing himself might have written. We do not think that Mr. Sime adequately brings out the nature and extent of Lessing's classicalism. He discusses, indeed, the reference of Aristotle's *Poetics*

in relation to Lessing's dramatic views; but we do not see, as we can in Milton's poems, which so easily render themselves into iambs under the hands of Greek scholars, how Greek tragic poetry thoroughly permeated his mind and was reproduced in his work. Neither are we quite able to lash ourselves into the same state of enthusiasm for Lessing as is exhibited by his accomplished biographer. We do not understand his lack of patriotism, his want of appreciation for mediæval architecture, his gambling and careless life, and the literary rather than the real tone with which he discussed many of the deepest subjects. Still, Lessing has done great work. Mr. Sime's introductory chapter is an excellent example of historical criticism. It displays that void and chaos from which the cosmos of German thought was to emerge. Lessing's father was a worthy *pasteur*, with considerable love and knowledge of letters, and the relations between father and son were to the last affectionate and most interesting. The good clergyman, however, did not shrink from a pious fraud when he lured his son home from what he considered bad company by fabricating a dangerous illness for the mother. At school he appears to have possessed a familiarity with Latin comic writers, which is very rare. As a lad he had a most genuine love of books. He had as a schoolboy the opportunity of revelling in great libraries, and said there was hardly a book in the University of Wittenberg which had not passed through his hands. When his portrait was taken as a child, he insisted on having 'a great pile of books about him.' In after life his passion for books made him a known figure in all the book-

\* *Lessing*. By James Sime. 2 vols. (Trübner.)

auctions. He was one of the few genuine bookworms who rule their books and are not dominated by them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of English and French; and our own great writers, such as Pope and Burke, had an immense attraction for him. Lessing has this striking phrase about Englishmen, that they felt that 'mighty passions and sublime thoughts were no more for kings than for one taken from among themselves.' It may be said that by his *Literary Letters* he laid the foundation of literary criticism in Germany. At one time he had a shadowy chance of being appointed librarian to Frederick the Great. Mr. Sime—and it is time that we should give a specimen of his style—says: 'With a true instinct the German nation has fastened upon Lessing as the one contemporary of Frederick who stood on the same level with him, and wrought with equal splendid power in the great task of arousing Germany to new energy. Yet when an opportunity offered of serving the man whose name was to be so intimately associated with his own, Frederick coldly passed on, ignorant of the brilliant chance destiny had thrown in his way. He has been much blamed for this mistake, and generally for his complete indifference to the rising tide of intellectual life that surrounded him. It is, however, only fair to remember that in the days of Frederick's youth there was no real modern literature in Germany, and that he could hardly be expected, amid the pressure of later duties, to change his habits, and to give minute attention to the literary progress of his countrymen.' Lessing also became philosopher and theologian. We pass from his bold direct attacks upon Christianity to the thoughts

wrapped up in *Nathan the Wise*, and to the kindred essay on the *Education of the Human Race*. This last essay has had a remarkable reference to our modern thought. In one special direction it may be said to have supplied Bishop Temple's essay which led off the *Essays and Reviews*, and in another direction it anticipated the theories of Lord Amberley's posthumous work. Lessing insisted on the comparative study of religions, from which no doubt a great deal is to be gained. But he will not accept the Christian religion as the one absolute religion. Like the Roman senate, he will be willing to accept Jesus if Jesus will be content to take His place with the other deities of the Pantheon. We cannot transcribe the following words without regret, and trust that they contain Mr. Sime's presentation of Lessing's views rather than of his own: 'It is not by trickery that the lives of vast masses of men are controlled from generation to generation. Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Jesus, Mahomet—these men have stamped their names upon the heart of the world; because, notwithstanding the superstition with which their influence is associated, they burned with enthusiasm for this or that aspect of spiritual truth. They came to deliver men from the yoke of vulgar custom; to open to them a large and free life.' This may be the philosophical, but it is not the Christian, way of looking at the matter. We cannot bracket the five 'men' all in a row. Unquestionably Buddha and Mahomet did appeal to some intellectual and moral needs of their time; but if we look at the lust, cruelty, and misery associated with their systems, the balance has been distinctly evil.

We do not dwell on the close



of Lessing's honoured and saddened life. Mr. Sime paints not how Lessing lived under what our author calls 'the two noblest passions of our nature,' but what we should prefer calling the two greatest principles of Christian life, 'a love of truth for its own sake, and an undying love of man.' Mr. Sime's entire reasoning on the revolutionary and destructive tendencies of Lessing's mind both demands and repays great attention. Mr. Sime has done most careful and painstaking work, though perhaps with a scarcity of what the Latin author of the dialogue on oratory terms *sententie et lumina*, and has earned his place in the foremost rank of our philosophical Radicals. Lessing achieved for Germany her literary empire in much the same way that Frederick laid the foundations of her military empire. A librarianship at last became Lessing's permanent position in this world, only it was much to be desired that it should be better endowed and in a better locality. It was at Wolfenbüttel—to be for ever associated with the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments*, which may be said to have laid the foundations of German neologianism—within the shadow of the Hartz Mountains, and within nine miles of the capital of Brunswick, that Lessing became librarian to the Duke. It was a flat uninteresting town, however—an unfortunate circumstance for Lessing, who delighted in society, and looked upon each of his fellow-creatures as a book of the great living library. Through his connection with the Duke of Brunswick he accompanied his son in an Italian journey, which had been an old aspiration of his; but as he was waiting to be married, he became very restive and uneasy in his prolonged tour. The lady whom,

at the age of forty-seven, he married was a widow of forty, with several children; but he loved the children as his own, and the happiest year of his unhappy life was the single year of wedlock.

Out of the variety of works of fiction which have appeared we may select a few for special notice, which seem to have the merit, supreme in the eyes of novel-readers, of being thoroughly able to sustain the interest and making it difficult to lay the work down. The first of these shall be Mrs. Chapman's *Constant Heart*.\* We have been never more 'taken in,' though we hardly wish to use the phrase in an unfavourable sense, in our lives. The commencement of the book is simple, pastoral, idyllic. We were reminded, and by no means unfavourably, of *Mary Powell*. We were considerably surprised when, in progressing with the story, we found ourselves concerned with the romantic details of an abduction case. We have all the details of a 'penny dreadful' illustrated with the warnings and consolations of true religion. The result is a somewhat tessellated mixture. Mrs. Chapman lays her story more than a century ago. It is quite possible that she may be deriving her narrative from facts. To those who search the records of crime it is quite conceivable that such a plot as that disclosed in these volumes may have actually been revealed. The authoress appears to have studied her period, and certainly contrives to give a remarkable degree of *vraisemblance* to her story. But we are not so sure that her story justifies her title. She kills off the heroine's true love, which we hold to be, artistically, a mistake; but in the last two pages we find

\* *A Constant Heart*. By the Hon. Mrs. E. W. Chapman. (Henry S. King & Co.)



her married, and with a baby who is named after her first sweetheart. It is not every husband who would be so magnanimous as to allow this. If a heroine claims the appellation of a 'Constant Heart,' she ought to give the conventional justification by never marrying another person. A certain Mrs. Fleming is almost Mrs. Poyser-like in the story, which is sufficiently adventurous and attractive.

Then as an Irish story, one of several attractive Irish stories which have lately appeared, we have Mr. Thynne's novel, *For this Cause*.\* Mr. Thynne portrays Irish scenes and characters with undoubted realism. He succeeds rather in this direction than in his plot, which is better conceived than executed. An Irish squire has misappropriated trust-money, and to postpone the time of payment he encourages litigation respecting a will. He has a brother, however, a rich Australian squatter, who makes things square, but insists, nevertheless, that his brother should go out to Australia, and he himself should become an Irish squire. Further than this it would hardly be fair to anticipate the plot. The Australian is of opinion that he is as well informed respecting various subjects as if he had lived in Cornwall, and that all his political opinions have a peculiar ripeness and value of their own. We believe that this opinion is not at all an uncommon one among the colonists, and it is here forcibly stated by one of them to another: 'We—I, you, and others who have had a European birth and a European culture up to manhood—continue to watch the issues of those subjects on which we have expended youthful thought and even enthusiasm. Further, we are removed

to a distance from the din, the turmoil, the obscuring smoke of the battle itself. More than all, I believe we do not get our information by infinitesimally fragmentary instalments day by day, the instalments of to-day contradicting or upsetting those of yesterday, but in larger and more continuous portions. Say we miss some of the pettier details; all the more we see the grand movements, and whither they ultimately tend.' It will be perceived that Mr. Thynne writes in a vigorous thoughtful way, and his pictures of Dublin life, whether in Merriion-square or in the slums, are exceedingly effective.

Mr. Jenkins is a novelist who always writes with a purpose, and what he gains in purpose he frequently loses in the construction of his story. But we never read him without pleasure, though we often think him exaggerated, and perhaps never more exaggerated than upon the present occasion.\* Mr. Jenkins is trying to do in a novel what before now he has attempted in a pamphlet—to expose the evils of exporting Hindoo and Coolie labour into British Guiana and the West Indies. It is not that he objects altogether to a Coolie system, which he thinks 'might be made a system of incalculable blessing to Asiatics.' It is his weakness, looking at his work as a political pamphlet, that he bases his conclusions on facts which he explains to be fictions. The wrongs which he enumerates are not practically found in British Guiana; they are collected from many sides, and all deposited there 'at one fell swoop.' But he knows the country, and writes pictorially and energetically; there are many

\* *For this Cause*. A novel. By Robert Thynne. (Sampson Low & Co.)

\* *Lutchmee and Dilloo: a Story of West Indian Life*. By E. Jenkins, M.P. (W. Mullian & Son.)

scenes of pathos and eloquence, and his work may tend to abolish or modify various existing evils.

A good sea novel is always a great treat. A social history of the British navy might be constructed from a combination of such novels as Smollett's, Marryat's, and Hannay's. Of late the merchant marine has been more employed by novelists than the royal navy, because the roughest points of real life are salient, and Mr. Plimsoll has shown how a vein of 'purpose' might be introduced into them. The narrative\* of the fate of the *Grosvenor* is a very appalling one, and the author certainly contrives to rivet the attention of the reader. In the first volume we have an evil captain cheating his crew out of their proper provisions, a smack is run down and sunk, a wreck is left unaided, there is a storm, and mutiny and murder. Further than this it would hardly be fair to trace the narrative. It is marked throughout by capital sea description and an incessant variety of incident.

The *Handbook to the Picture Galleries of Europe* (Macmillan & Co.), by Miss Kate Thompson (daughter of Sir Henry Thompson), is invaluable to the lover of art in his rambles over foreign collections. Compact and clear in its form and arrangement, the brief sketches of the various schools of painting, the careful chronological tables, and the numbered references to famous pictures, make it at once a most serviceable guide and remembrancer.

Mr. Ballingall's *Edinburgh: its Past and its Present* (William Oliphant & Co.), is a handsome illustrated volume on the associa-

tions and surroundings of the old gray city—dedicated to its citizens and to 'all who love its beauties and its memories.' The engravings are numerous and interesting. The book altogether is a pleasant *souvenir* of the Scottish capital and its romantic environs.

*Our Trip to Blunderland*, by Jean Jambon (William Blackwood & Sons), is a *jeu d'esprit*, we understand, from the pen of a distinguished legal functionary of the North. It belongs to the class of pleasantries which *Alice in Wonderland* has made popular. The sixty illustrations from the pencil of Mr. Charles A. Doyle show the power of an artist whom we hope to see coming more to the front one of these days. The 'extension motious,' pp. 172 and 206, are very clever.

Messrs. Griffith & Farran maintain their ancient fame at the Christmas season by a variety of bright wholesome books, from which, at the moment, we select three: *Wilton of Cuthbert's*, by the Rev. H. C. Adams, is a tale of undergraduate life thirty years ago. To those who know university and to those who do not, it is an agreeable book; perhaps also a useful one to place in the hands of a young man before he goes up. *The Three Admirals, and the Adventures of their Young Followers*, by W. H. G. Kingston, has all the old fire and dash of this veteran writer for boys. The woodcut of the ahark, where 'each dealt him a blow across the tail,' is the sort of drawing which suits all thorough boys. *Those Unlucky Twins*, by Annette Lyster, although a little book, deserves special notice. It is a charming text; and there are ten illustrations, by John Proctor, far above the average of juvenile books.

Another of the fresh, attractive,

\* *The Wreck of the Grosvenor: an Account of the Mutiny of the Crew, and the Loss of the Ship, when trying to make the Bermudas.* 8 vols. (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

liberally-illustrated books which we owe to Dr. Manning and the Religious Tract Society is *English Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil*. Beginning with the Thames and ending with the Isle of Wight, we have a series of skilfully-grouped rambles over England, introducing 'Shakespeare's Country,' 'The Country of Bunyan and Cowper,' 'The Peak,' 'The Lakes,' &c. It is a volume which will foster the desire to know the beauties of our own country, and help to point out what is best worth seeing. The *Home Naturalist*, by Harland Coultas, from the same Society, gives practical instructions for collecting, arranging, and preserving natural objects. There are plain directions to the young naturalist concerning all kinds of collections,—caterpillars, beetles, butterflies, plants, woods, and animals,—as well as the aquarium and insectarium—altogether a good and comprehensive book of its class.

Two groups from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge deserve a word of hearty commendation. These are: 1. *Ancient History from the Monuments*—Babylonia, Greek cities, &c.; 2. *Non-Secular Religious Systems*—Buddhism, Hinduism, and Islam and its founder. These able, well-condensed, and low-priced little volumes, by such authors as Professor Monier Williams, Mr. Rhys Davids, and the late George Smith, are really valuable contributions to popular literature.

#### MUSICAL PITCH.

It is well known to musicians that during the last century there has been a gradual rise in the pitch of musical notes: that is, the note which formerly used to be regarded, say as A, has gra-

dually become considered flatter and flatter; so that the sound produced by a given key on a modern instrument is sensibly sharper and more acute than that given by the corresponding key on an older instrument. To so great an extent has this variation now arrived, that the highest concert pitches of the present day are at least a tone above those in use in 1750: that is, the note which now would be regarded as B flat, or even almost A natural, was considered to be C natural or close to it in the first half of last century, whilst even during the last fifty years there has been a rise of from a semitone to a semitone and a half in pitch. One effect of this is that the music of the older composers as now played produces an entirely different effect from that which it was intended to do; it sounds as though it were transposed into a higher key; whilst music originally written for fair average tenors and sopranos can now be efficiently sung only by exceptional voices, the highest notes, which formerly were fairly in reach of ordinary cultivated voices, being now made so high through the raising of the pitch as to be expressed only as screeches and notes unpleasant through their too great shrillness, and consequent deficiency in richness and fulness of tone. This difference of pitch is acoustically expressed by saying that the number of vibrations per second required to give a certain note is now considerably greater than was formerly the case. A number of exact comparative measurements of pitches in use at various dates and in different places has been recently made by Mr. Alexander Ellis, the materials for the investigation being derived from standard organ-pipes, tuning-forks, &c., carefully preserved by their various owners. Thus, for

instance, the high modern pitches of the last twenty years, such as those of Chappell, Collard, Broadwood, Albert Hall (Wagner's Concerts), Crystal Palace (March 1877), Brussels, Philharmonic, Dresden, Kneller Hall, Leipsic (Gewandhaus), the army regulation, and the Society of Arts (Allen's, Griesbach's, and Cramer's C's), give to the C a number of vibrations varying from 538 to 546; whilst medium pitches, such as Broadwood's medium, St. Paul's (March 1877), Gotha and Brunswick (1859), Hullah (1843), Dresden (1859), low pitch Dresden (1869), Paris Opera (1826), give from 527 to 537 vibrations. Most of the older pitches, however, are considerably lower than these: thus the Berlin (1834), Vienna (1834), French normal (1859), Broadwood's low pitch (instrumental), Broadwood's vocal pitch, the Westminster Abbey organ (1877), Sir George Smart's Philharmonic (1826), Gaud's Paris pitch (1834), and Petitbout's Paris pitch (1834), give only 516 to 526 vibrations per second. The 'Handel pitches' are lower still, the Berlin (1806-14), Philharmonic (1813), Mozart's, Handel's (1751, taken from Handel's own fork), and the Plymouth Theatre pitch (1800), giving only 507 to 512 vibrations, Handel's fork being the lowest; whilst Glück's pitch gave only 491, Father Schmidt's (Hampton Court organ) 479, and Trinity College, Cambridge (1755), as measured by Dr. R. Smith, the low number of 467, or a note scarcely any higher than the A natural of the high modern pitches. A long and exhaustive paper on this subject was read before the Society of Arts some little time ago, and caused considerable criticism on the mode of measurement adopted by Mr. Ellis, whose results as to the

absolute pitch of certain standards adopted by different makers of musical instruments differed somewhat (by three or four vibrations) from those ascertained by other experimentalists. But even admitting that an error of this magnitude attached to Mr. Ellis's measurements, it would be but small as compared with the great differences noticed; whilst, on the other hand, it appears by no means unlikely that the error, whatever its cause, attaches at least equally to the other measurements; the question turning on the possibility of measuring accurately by the ear the number of musical beats in twenty seconds, and depending on whether eighty or seventy-nine and a quarter beats were accurately given in this period of time by the instrument (known as Appunn's *tonometer*) employed by Mr. Ellis. This *tonometer* was exhibited in the Loan Exhibition of scientific apparatus at South Kensington. It consists of a series of harmonium reeds made to sound in a perfectly uniform manner by directing on them an equable blast of wind from an air-chest of special construction; sixty-five of these reeds are arranged somewhat as in a harmonium, so that any one or more can be made to sound by opening the appropriate valves by a 'pull' like a door-bell or like the 'stop' of an organ, the sound continuing until the wind-chest is empty. No bellows-blowing is performed during the comparison of two notes, as that would introduce a variation in pressure in the blast, and slightly alter the notes. The reeds are so tuned that each one 'beats' four times in a second with either of the adjacent reeds, and therefore differs therefrom in rate of vibration by four vibrations per second in excess or defect. The sixty-fifth reed is exactly the octave of the first, and conse-

quently makes 256 vibrations more per second, wherefore the first reed must make 256 vibrations, and the sixty-fifth 512 vibrations, or double the number made by the first, of which it is the octave. Hence the numbers of vibrations made by the various reeds are 256, 260, 264, 268, to 512 respectively. In order to determine the exact pitch, say, of a tuning-fork, all that is required is to sound the fork together with one of the reeds of the tonometer, so that the two beat together at a rate of somewhere near four (say between two and six) times per second. Hence the reed chosen vibrates as many times per second more or less than the fork as is indicated by the number of beats. To distinguish which is the sharper, the fork is sounded with the next adjacent reed on each side: if the fork is sharper than the first reed, the number of beats given with the adjacent sharper reed is less than that given with the original reed; if flatter, it is greater, and *vice versa* with the adjacent flatter reed. In this way the absolute pitch of any given fork is readily ascertainable with considerable precision, provided the tonometer itself has been so constructed as to give exactly four beats per second with each pair of reeds. In the instrument used by Mr. Ellis this precision was apparently attained, each pair of reeds being repeatedly tested, and the number of beats in twenty seconds accurately counted. Manifestly, however, if the watch or pendulum beating seconds employed were incorrect by a minute fraction of a second, this verification method would not be an accurate test of the absolute number of vibrations per second given by each reed, although it would properly verify their relative rates

of vibration, the difference between each pair being as much more or less than four vibrations as corresponds to the difference between the interval of time, supposed to be a second, whilst verifying the instrument, and the true second. Accordingly fresh verifications are being undertaken by Mr. Ellis, with a view of definitely settling the question as to whether his measurement of 439 vibrations for the French normal A (1859), or the hitherto accepted value 435 (corresponding respectively to 522.06 and 517.31 for C), is actually correct.

The final settlement of a standard invariable pitch is a great desideratum for musical purposes; the discrepancy in pitch between the periods when Handel and Mendelssohn wrote renders it impossible for the music of these two composers to be properly executed at the same concert, when instruments incapable of adjustment between the pieces (such as a piano or organ and many wind instruments) are employed in the orchestra, or for the accompaniments. Handel wrote at a time when the loud and sustained F sharp, G, and A (above the treble staff) in the Hallelujah Chorus, although requiring good vocal powers on the part of the voices, were not out of the reach of ordinary well-trained chorus-singers (*i.e.* not out of their reach so far as the production of a full-sounding rich note, quite different from the locomotive-whistle-like upper notes now often heard). At the present day, however, and with the modern high concert pitches, these high sustained notes are quite impracticable to average voices without sacrificing much of the effect intended; a screech is arrived at more ear-piercing than satisfactory to the musical critic. On the other hand, Mendelssohn

wrote and thought in the pitch of the Leipsic Gewandhaus ( $A=452.3$  instead of 426, corresponding to  $C=538$  instead of 506.7), not much inferior to our modern pitches, whilst Costa thinks in the high pitch itself. If attempts were made to render Mendelssohn's music with instruments tuned to the pitch requisite for Handel's, each note would be a full semitone lower than intended by the composer; the effect would be wholly altered; and in many instances a fine low rich note intended by the composer would only be rendered as a weak, gruff, unmusical sound. The music of older composers still, such as Glück and Gibbons, suffers greatly by the high modern pitches, and, indeed, often is impracticable for ordinary voices, or if rendered, produces but little of the proper effect: without doubt this is partly the reason why the older music is comparatively seldom heard at concerts.

These modern extremely high pitches are not used to any extent in the continental opera-houses and concert-rooms. At Munich, Würtemberg, Vienna, Baden, Milan, and St. Petersburg, the medium pitch (French normal,  $A=439$ , corresponding to  $C=522$ ) is compulsory in the court theatres, this result having been arrived at, to a great extent, through the common sense of the directors and singers themselves; several noted English choirs, *e.g.* St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, also refuse to sing to these high pitches. When an artist not accustomed to such a pitch as Broadwood's high ( $C=545$ ) comes over to England, considerable inconvenience is often

caused by the change; and not improbably the short stay and non-return after one season of many artistes is as much due to this as to the ill-effects of our misty and foggy climate on their delicate vocal organs. A stringed instrumentalist, such as a violinist, has to alter his strings to thinner ones, or to screw up more tensely, and so injure the tone, in order to accommodate himself to our orchestras; whilst wind instrumentalists have to provide numerous crooks and alteration-joints, and in many cases entirely different instruments to play on. It was estimated that to change the pitch of the Dresden theatre from  $A=452$  to  $A=439$  (just a quarter of a tone lower) would cost about 900*l.*; whilst a noted concertina player (Mr. Blagrove) found it necessary to take thirteen different concertinas of varying pitches with him on a professional tour, in order to suit himself to the exigencies of different concert-rooms. Of course no adoption of standards of pitch will prevent the inconvenience of an organ rising gradually in pitch in the course of an evening, as the room gets hotter and the air proportionately rarefied. Occasionally this alteration in tone becomes so marked, as to cause serious discrepancies between the organ and other musical instruments towards the close of the concert, even when perfectly in tune at the beginning. This is one of the chief reasons why a performance including an organ and other instruments is not always as successful to the musical ear as might be desired.

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## NEW FEATURE IN "LONDON SOCIETY" FOR 1878.

It has been well said that it is doing a real service to humanity *when one helps to amuse it innocently*, and that those wisecracks know very little of SOCIETY and its best workers who think we can get on in our duties without a due share of mental recreation.

Perhaps one of the most innocent and agreeable fashions of the day is the guessing of ACROSTICS. Old and young can join in it, and enjoy it heartily. It has, in fact, become a recognised source of amusement 'in the hours of relaxation.' As such it falls specially within the scope of LONDON SOCIETY.

Accordingly in the coming year we shall try, by means of this pleasant pastime, to sharpen our readers' wits, stimulate their memory, and perhaps cause them to enlarge or verify their reading.

We shall publish an ACROSTIC every month as puzzling as we can invent. And as a reward for cleverness and perseverance in guessing them, certain *Prizes in Money* will be given, in conformity with the Rules here laid down.

*For the convenience of those of our Subscribers who may not have seen the Christmas Number, the First Acrostic is here reprinted.*

### No. I.—TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

[The initial, central, and final letters of the Lights (i.e. the words which answer the complets 1 to 9) form three distinct but connected words, which three words are described by the poem.]

THESE seasonable things young men and misses  
May give and take as merry Yule-tide kisses.

1. A mighty hunter truly. Nimrod? No—  
This lived and died not quite so long ago.
2. Go in advance, and lodgings at the sea  
Take for some friends, and this yourself will be.
3. Parsons have oft to science seemed averse;  
This one, a lord, helped it with mind and purse.
4. He who in work or play, great things or less,  
Is what this light is, will achieve success.
5. A soldier's casque made this, O noble fellow!  
Not very likely, was it, brave Othello?
6. These favoured people, ancient writers tell,  
In regions quite Elysian used to dwell.
7. Poets have sung its praise in highflown rhyme;  
And we in humbler prose may call it prime.
8. He must be this who would win troops of friends:  
All hate the hide-bound prig who never bends.
9. A dashing couple if old tales be true,  
Once known as dark, more recently as blue.

THIRTA.

*The list of correct Answers to this Acrostic will be published in the January Number of LONDON SOCIETY. Answers must be addressed to Acrostic Editor of LONDON SOCIETY, 188 Fleet-street, London, E.C., as letters, not on post-cards, and must reach this address by Dec. 10th.*

*For Prizes and Rules, see over leaf.*



# ACROSTIC PRIZES.

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## FIRST PRIZE.

£25

## SECOND PRIZE.

£10

## THIRD PRIZE.

£5

*For the First Acrostic, see preceding page.*

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### ACROSTIC RULES.

1. A First Prize of £25, a Second Prize of £10, and a Third Prize of £5 will be awarded to the three persons who guess the greatest number of the fourteen Acrostics which will appear in *London Society* during the year, viz. in the Christmas Number for 1877, in the Numbers from January to December 1878, and in the Holiday Number.

2. The prizes will be paid in money, without any stipulation whatever.

3. If two or more solvers shall have guessed the same number of Acrostics at the end of the year, and so have tied for the Prizes, the Editor reserves to himself the right of determining how these 'ties' shall be guessed off.

4. Answers to the Acrostics must be sent by letter (not by post-card), not later than the 10th of each month, addressed to the Acrostic Editor of *London Society*, at Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.'s, 188 Fleet-street, London, E.C.

5. The answers should be signed with a legibly-written pseudonym, and the names and addresses of the prize-winners will be required for publication.

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